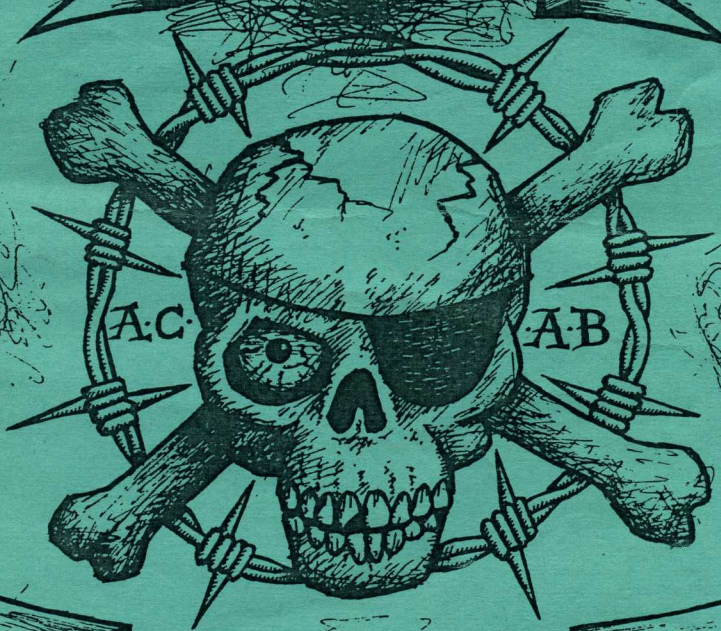
CARGO CULT.

ISSUE 3 ★ 50P



INTERVIEWS WITH
EGGRAID · KATE SHARPLEY LIBRARY
HELL AND DAMNATION ZINE · SCUM
PLUS REVIEWS, RANTS, A FREE COLOUR-IN CLICHÉ PUNK AND MORE
••• A BENEFIT FOR "THE HERETIC" NEWSLETTER •••

CARGO CULT

LOWERING THE EXPECTATIONS OF FANZINE READERS SINCE 1998

2

YES THE CVER IS TACKY AS FUCK, YES IT IS MEANT TO BE THAT WAY AND NO I DON'T CARE IF YOU THINK ITS SHIT.

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INTRODUCTION

Hello again. Another eighteen-month gap and here's *Cargo Cult #3*. After the mess that was issue one and the blatant attempt to ride on the back of *Bald Cactus's* reputation that was issue two, I've finally got round to doing a proper zine. Hope you enjoy it and all that.

If things go to plan, a situation largely determined by the severity of my laziness and whether Rachel's photocopier is working, this ought to be out in time for Leeds Punks Picnic. So there's a good chance you'll see me at my despicable drunken worst, blundering about with a wild-eyed look extorting 50p out of anyone I meet. If you have that misfortune, please be aware that I'm not always like that.

Enough bullshit, then. Cheers to the interview victims, and to anyone who helped or inspired, especially Rachel, Andy and all at Number One. Next issue will probably be out in about 2014 at my current rate, but you could optimistically hope to see it some time next year.

Finally, at the time of writing, the future of *120 Rats*, Leeds' temple of punk and booze, looks shaky. Hopefully by the time you read this, *Rats* will be safe and well. If not, huge thanks to everyone there for so many fucking great nights. The status of punk rock legends can safely be bestowed on you.

Have fun kids. Chip.

TRADES

If you do a zine and want to trade copies, let me know (as long as it's not wanky student emo crap). I also love seeing new zines so if you feel like it, send me a decent zine (ie. no pretentious emo whinging) instead of cash, especially if you're writing from abroad. Go on, surprise me!

THE HERETIC

This zine is a benefit for *The Heretic*, a direct action newsletter in Leeds. It covers anarchist, environmental, anti-fascist and animal rights actions with a particular emphasis on local activities and a healthy dose of Class War attitude. About every six weeks it comes out, as a sixteen page A5 pamphlet, which with a print run of around 300, which obviously costs a fair bit since it is distributed free. So, some of your money from the price of this zine is going to them because they could do with it, and much as I would like to do this zine as a benefit for my Stella funds, I thought *The Heretic* was a slightly more worthy cause. If you want a copy, send an SAE to: The Heretic, PO Box HP171, Leeds, LS6 1XX, England

If you want to get in touch, write to me at:
CARGO CULT
PO BOX HP171
LEEDS
LS6 1XX
e-mail: cargocult666 @ yahoo.com

I've got a few copies of issue two left priced 50p (split with Bald Cactus: Puget Sound and Blyth Power in my half, Brother Inferior in Andy's half). Issue one is long gone and good riddance to the twat. Remember to enclose an SAE if you want anything back. No SAE = no zine and I'll spend your 50p on eggs, so be warned. Cargo Cult is free to prisoners, so just let me know if you or a friend are inside and want something to read or make paper aeroplanes out of.

PUNK ROCK KIDS

There's more punk babies in Leeds. so congratulations to Andy, Debs and Skye, and Jay, Mike and Bronwyn!

EGG RAID

I first encountered *Egg Raid* a couple of years ago at *120 Rats* when I got a copy of their first CD *'Go Kiss The Blind'* thrust into my hands. I have to say I wasn't terribly impressed, but after having seen them live a few times, I was convinced they were going to produce better. They did, and their recent demo CD is a major improvement, six songs of far more fast and angry hardcore with a few twists. They play all over the place and we have had them on in Leeds a few times, so if you haven't seen them live you shouldn't have to wait too long, and I recommend you check them out. Don't know how much the CD is, but I guess if you send them a few quid and a nice letter you'll get one. Answers by Matt.

***Cargo Cult* – Draw us a picture of the band....**

Egg Raid – Sorry no picture. Will the penguin do instead? *(There was a very peculiar picture of Jon from Sheffield in a pig mask attacking a plastic penguin with a knife. It wouldn't copy very well, but take my word for it, it was bizarre - Chip)*

CC – Who's in the band? When and how did you get together? Any of you in other bands or involved in other punk scene activities? What do you do outside the band?

E – The band is Alex vocals, matt guitar, Ben bass and Dan drums. We got together in November '97, had various line-up changes, including **Status Quo** fans and *South Park* lookalikes (no bitterness there, eh!!), until Ben joined in March '99 and then Dan in July 2000. We (Alex & Matt) had been trying to start a band since 1995 but Hereford isn't exactly punk rock central so it took us nearly three years to find anyone to play (music) with. Alex wrote the reviews for *Eejit*, I (Matt) am also the drummer in **Redshift**, Ben is helping out **Eastfield** on bass at the moment and we also collectively run *FEK Records*, our dubious attempt at a record label.

Outside the band Alex is a record collecting pretentious arsehole, I read and play the blues (cool man), Ben lives on a boat and gets pissed and Dan is student stress-type-thing but not by the time you read this.

CC – Where did the name come from? What other names did you come up with and what was the stupidest?

E – The name is a **Beastie Boys** song. We did our first gig under the name **Mysterious Shrubbery** before we got really serious. **Nervous Twitch** was also in the running at the time. You get the idea!

CC – What is the punk scene like down your way? Any different from Hereford and why did you move? Any good bands / zines / venues you'd recommend locally?

E – I don't know yet. We've been in Stoke for three weeks and haven't had time to get involved in anything really. We moved because Hereford is a closed scene. If you weren't into the image thing it didn't matter what you did, no one was really interested in the music. They were too busy having their own little controlled rebellion before they settled down and became like everyone else. Telling people stuff like 'I went through my punk phase'. Not everyone was like that, there are some cool people there but the vast majority haven't got a clue. Bitch, bitch, bitch!!

We've been more involved in the Birmingham scene. Birmingham always seems to be overlooked which is a shame because there's a lot of great bands there, such as **Last Under The Sun**, **Rotunda**, **Harpies**, **Eastfield**, **IOD** and the **Buggers**.

Good bands in Hereford are **After Barr**, **Redshift** and **Turbowanker** from the Forest of Dean, **Kismet HC** from Stoke and probably loads more that we don't know about yet. *Eejit* was a good fanzine from Hereford before Cat moved to Hull and then to Scotland. There are a couple of venues around Stoke like the Full Moon, the Rigger and the Bear where we can put on gigs. Hereford's got Manhattans but that's not a regular venue and the Two Pigs in Cheltenham but they don't like bands that scream! In Birmingham there's the Old Railway who put on punk bands every Wednesday.

CC – The first CD was something you weren't 100% happy with, I believe. Could you tell us a bit about it?
E – The first CD was us finding our musical feet. At the time it was exactly how we sounded so we were happy when it was recorded. We just got better and moved on. It was the best we could have done at the time but we weren't really ready to do an album. Everyone was pulling in different directions and we had to compromise the music so we could carry on as a band. The drummer was more into playing 'interesting' stuff than playing the songs. It was a natural part of our evolution that probably took a bit longer than it should have done!

CC – I recall a very bitchy review of it in *Fracture* – did that piss you off? How do you think the reception the first CD got has affected peoples' perception of *Egg Raid*? And what do you think of *Fracture* itself?
E – Yeah it did piss us off at the time, all it really did was make it more difficult to get gigs, but that was a long time ago. The reception of the first CD was mixed, a lot of people really liked it and a lot of people thought it was shit. The review in *Punk Planet* was a fair representation of the CD because they just took it for what it was. We did have people at gigs saying 'I wasn't going to come and see you because I read *Fracture* and thought you would be shit' but that hasn't happened in a long time either. Alex is coming off the medication next week and I'm giving up the depression counselling sessions so all in all I think we've just about recovered from it.

CC – The demo CD you gave me seems to mark a distinct change in musical direction. How did this come about? Was it a conscious attempt to change from the first CD or a natural evolution?
E – If you listen to the album and the demo CD there is a big difference, but if you listen to the stuff in between the change is more gradual. It was a natural evolution caused by line-up changes and finally being able to do what we wanted to do because everyone is pulling in the same direction. We also had to get our penguin back from Jon in Sheffield??!!???

CC – Lyrically the later stuff seems more overtly political. Again why do you think you've moved from the seemingly personal type lyrics of the earlier stuff?
E – The lyrical content hasn't really changed that much, I've just got better at saying what I want to say. Some of the early lyrics were more personal, but that was me trying to sort stuff out I my head, trying to find a way to express the love, happiness, despair, anger and rage that I fell and put everything in context with what was happening in my life at the time. The only real difference with what I do now and then is that if something pisses me off I have more confidence to just state how and what I fell instead of skirting around the subject and hiding everything in my own little world.

CC – 'Testing baseball bats on Brain Cass's head' – not exactly fluffy pacifists I take it? Your lyrics touch on a number of major issues such as GM food, corporate control etc, but the big question is what do we do to change it? What do *you* do to change it?
E – Well that song is more of a reaction against the total despair I felt when the story was reported on TV. I do not condone any form of physical violence or abuse to any one or any thing. The song is really only pointing out that if Brian Cass *(director of Huntingdon Life Sciences vivisectionists – Chip)* had been born as another creature then people would have no problem carrying out the same tests on him that his 'company' perform on other sentient creatures, whether it's testing the latest cancer cure or testing a baseball bat, pain and torture is still pain and torture, it doesn't matter what or who you are.
As far as changing anything goes you have to start with yourself, change also has to be accessible to the majority of people for anything to ever happen. To be honest I don't really know how we would effect a major change to society, all I think is that people need to at the very least try to be aware of what the problems are, that's all we try to do in our songs, point things out, make observations. There is enough information available for anyone who wants to find out what is really happening. If someone's going to scratch the surface then they will but you can't force anyone to do anything. Unfortunately the majority of people are so caught up in their own little lives, trying so desperately to out 'normal' each other that they can't see any alternative let alone want any form of change. All you can do is sort yourself out, but even that's hard when you've been fed the same crap as everyone else, things get so ingrained in you that most of the time you end up fighting so hard just to not fall into line. We're not a bunch of political activists, we are just trying to sort our lives out to the best of our abilities.

CC – Could you tell us a bit about the recording of the later stuff? The first CD seemed to be done on a very DIY basis (i.e. self-produced and partly recorded in your house). Why was this? On the subject of DIY, how important do you feel the DIY ethic is?
E – Our latest recording was sorted out by our ex-drummer Sam who went to music college in Liverpool. He sorted us out with some free studio time at the college so we went up and recorded six songs in eight hours and it turned out to be by far the best thing we've ever done! The first CD was recorded in a record shop in Gloucester and bits were done in my house basically because we didn't have the money to go into a recording studio.
The DIY ethic is important because you have total control over what you are doing. Record labels put out music that they think people want to hear, well produced, inoffensive stuff. If you listen to anything that is produced using a DIY approach that is how the band want themselves to be portrayed. If we are happy with the stuff we record then we release it without waiting for someone else to decide for us whether it's good enough. The same goes for zines, distros, everything. If you don't like them then get off your arse and do something yourself.

CC – Any plans for further recording or releases in the near future?
E – We are hoping to release the demo at some point as a split 10" or 7", so any bands interested get in touch! As far as recording goes we've got to write more songs first.

CC – It appears to be obligatory for *Egg Raid* to appear at every Punx Picnic. I take it you like doing them? Where else do you regularly play? Ever played outside the UK or any plans to? How important do you feel large events like Picnics are to the punk scene? What do you think about stuff like *Holidays In The Sun*?
E – Yeah, we like doing Picnics. They're great because you meet so many people and see loads of bands, not forgetting about the drinking. Picnics seem to be more of a social event than your average gig, people come from all over the place for the weekend and it makes for a great sense of community. If it isn't then it should be obligatory that we do all of them. We play all over the place, about fifty gigs a year in the UK. We haven't been outside the UK, but we are planning tot go to France, Germany and Switzerland later this year.
Stuff like *Holidays In The Sun* creates a mockery of the DIY ethic because people would rather spend £60 to relive 1981 than support the scene as it stands today. I think that the bands that are playing are selling out the rest of the punk scene because they breed apathy by having one event for people to be seen at rather than supporting all of the local gigs. It's sad that people only want to see bands that have reformed for vast sums of money. *(Too right – Chip)*

CC – Stupid questions....
a) What is the most humiliating thin you've ever done under the influence of drink or drugs?
b) What is the most unusual place you've ever had a wank?
c) What is the book that has had the most profound effect on your life?
E – a) Well... There was the nude gig at the *Severn Revels Festival* in Gloucestershire last summer. Picture that!
b) Well... There was the nude gig at the *Severn Revels Festival* in Gloucestershire last summer!!!!
c) Narziss and Goldmund by Hermann Hesse

CC – Any last words or good jokes? How do the kids get in touch with *Egg Raid*?
E – The only good joke is **Egg Raid** according to Rachel! Ha ha ha!
Contact **Egg Raid** Matt or Alex at:
31 Sisden Grove, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent, ST3 6RL
Tel: 01782 328125
E-mail: jolex.jolex@virgin.net

TESTING PROCESS
Life science breeds Hate
Director in death
Dictator in pain
What's the difference between torturing animals to death in the name of science –
Life science breeds Hate
Director in death
Dictator in pain
– and testing baseball bats on Brian Cass's head??
The animals never chose

"...TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND GOB IN YOUR BOSS'S FACE, REJOIN THE HUMAN RACE..."

I just quit my job recently. That was a really good move, even though at the time of writing I have absolutely no idea what I'm going to do for cash. Oh well, it's always good to inject a little spontaneity into your life, isn't it? Basically I'd spent two years working in a bookshop, except it wasn't a right nice little local bookshop, it was a big fucking bastard multinational chain called Borders. My job mostly consisted of working in the warehouse, spending seven hours a day opening boxes of books, which ain't exactly intellectually stimulating stuff. Well actually it sometimes was, on the precious occasions when I could get away with sitting on my arse listening to Oi Polloi very loud and reading dodgy books. At the end of the day, I was working in a shop, and despite a lot of peoples' rose-tinted notions about working in bookshops, it is just the same grinding boredom, pathetic pay, and shit treatment as any other shop, only with a load more pretention. See, people in bookshops won't call themselves 'shop assistants' which is what they are. Oh no, these lot insist on being called 'booksellers' as if it was something special. The sad thing is that most of the people working there are middle-class graduate types who seem to feel they are a cut above normal shop workers. You know, the sort of arrogant twats who talk patronisingly to the cleaners and reckon anyone who works in a factory is thick. Well, considering the cleaners got paid more, that shows where their university education and stuck-up attitude got them. 'Booksellers' even have their own union called the Retail Booksellers Association. I looked into it, and their literature boasted about their great record on finding compromises with management. Load of shite. Anyway after they fucked me around loads with pay and started to really piss me around, I thought fuck you, and handed my notice in, the last straw being when they were going to refuse me time off to go on tour in Europe with Dog On A Rope. I thought what is better, carrying on with this brain-crushing tedium or spending a fortnight pissing it up in the Balkans. I think everyone knows the answer to that one. One thing I won't miss is some of the cunts you have to deal with, amongst the general public. It's a total cliché, but the people who really treat you like crap in shops are always the suits. Its always some bastard buying a Financial Times and a load of opera CDs on his Gold Amex card that talks to you like shit, or more often won't even look at you. You can tell the people who have actually had to do real jobs because they are far more likely to be chatty with you, but it's the posh scum who look at you like you are some sort of robot, an extension of the till or something. So here I am, writing all this, looking forward to more skull-crushing drudgery in the form of agency work when I get back from Europe, but fuck me, I'm so glad I got out of that place before it totally broke my spirit. Oh, it probably won't surprise you to hear that I didn't gob in my boss's face, but it's a nice thought anyway.

PARANOID SHITE

I've been reading a book called *Them: Adventures with Extremists* by Jon Ronson (highly recommended), which is pretty much as it sounds, his experiences investigating political and religious nutters of various shades. One of the themes he picks up on is the recurring notion that the world is controlled by some secret cabal, a view held in different forms by such disparate groups as fundamentalist muslims, the far right and David Icke with his 12 ft shape-changing lizardmen. This got me thinking about the whole conspiracy theory thing. It is something I find really interesting, not because I believe any of the crap, but because I find it fascinating what bizarre shit people are into. The whole idea that there is a small secretive group of people controlling the whole thing, starting wars, managing global capitalism, running the media and generally fucking with us is quite common. The finger is pointed at the Freemasons, the Bavarian Illuminati, the Zionist Occupation Government, or any number of other improbable organisations. What links the various conspiracies is the idea that all the world's problems can be blamed exclusively on a single small omnipotent group. There is also a tendency to blame Jews for a lot of it, which confirms the anti-Semitism and general dodginess of a lot of the conspiracy culture. Well, I'd like to point out to any advocates of these theories that quite frankly they are spouting a great big fuck off load of toss. While I can't deny the existence of some of the 'cabals' such as the Bilderberg Group and the influence they have, to exaggerate this like the conspiracy mob do is to try to blame the world's whole problems on one source, a pathetically simplistic idea. Take a good long look at the world and you realise pretty soon that its fucked up for an awful lot of reasons, but capitalism is the main one and though it might be a comforting idea to some, its not the work of a small handful. Capitalism evolved, it wasn't created, and it is sustained because the rich and powerful who control our daily lives want to maintain their wealth and privilege and they are in a position where they can do so, using as much force as they have to. And that is it. No sinister occult goings on and certainly no lizardmen. It's a simple case of a lot of rich bastards with guns and bombs who keep us in our place because they don't want to lose what they stole from us. There are much more straightforward and earthly reasons (ie the violence and greed of the ruling class) why we don't live in the kind of world we deserve, and to try to blame it on one of these ludicrous conspiracies is a feeble cop-out. It just suggests to me that those who promote these sort of ideas have some colossal paranoia complex and an overwhelming inability to deal with the real world. Grow up you fuckwits.

ANY BANDS WHO ARE UP FOR PLAYING IN LEEDS, GET IN TOUCH. I'M GETTING INTO PUTTING GIGS ON, SO LET ME KNOW IF YOU WANT TO PLAY. ALL GIGS ARE BENEFITS (FOR *LEEDS RAPE CRISIS* OR *WEST YORKSHIRE ANTI-FASCIST NETWORK* MOST LIKELY) SO IT'S FOR PETROL MONEY PLUS FOOD AND A PLACE TO STAY. IF YOU'RE UP FOR IT, WRITE TO ME AT THE CARGO CULT ADDRESS.

Brilliant graffiti on the door of a student flat in Woodhouse reads ... **FUCK OFF 60s PEOPLE.** Well, it cracked me up anyway.

KATE SHARPLEY LIBRARY

I've read some really interesting pamphlets issued by the Kate Sharpley Library, so I thought I'd like to find out a bit more about their activities and origins. While I knew their published material, I had no idea how the library itself functioned or what sort of things they had, so I've learned a bit from this interview myself! I strongly recommend you write to them at the address at the end and check some of their stuff, and they do a lot of pamphlets for around a quid which are perfect for teaching yourself a bit about anarchist history while your stuck on the bus to work or something.

***CC* – How and when was the KSL established? What made you decide to start?**

KSL – The KSL was started in 1979 in London. The original idea was to have a 'resource centre' for anarchists and radicals, but that fell by the wayside because it was just not practical. To cover everything (housing, economics, fascism etc etc) would need a huge building and lots of money! Also, housing and other issues could be found in most libraries, but decent material on Anarchism definitely couldn't. It was decided to develop a really good collection just on Anarchism, since that's what the people who started it were into.

It was felt that unless this kind of library existed, anarchists would have to rely on academics (who can be ignorant or downright hostile) to tell them their history rather than knowing it themselves, and that, if no effort was made to collect it, a lot of historical material would be lost. It's happened more than once that the papers of an important militant have been binned by the family when they died. That means a lifetime's worth of experience is gone.

***CC* – Could you tell me a bit about the library itself? What sort of things do you have, and how large is it? Where does the stuff come from?**

KSL – We focus on politics that is opposed to both the state and capitalism. Anarchism is obviously the main focus, but we also have stuff on the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), Council-communism (Marxists who don't believe in the supremacy of 'The Party'), Situationism etc. We don't bother with capitalists who call themselves 'libertarian' just because they want people with money to be 'freed' from state regulation. We have stuff produced by Anarchists, studies of Anarchist history and diatribes against anarchism. Obviously we have less 19t^{h} than 20th century material, because it's harder to get hold of, but we have stuff from all over the world, from the Orkneys to Australia and in many languages.

The bulk of stuff in the library has been donated by comrades. Some people have been able to provide a couple of newspapers, others have given whole files of research material. If someone donates something we already have, we can either sell it cheap at the Anarchist Bookfair (which means income for us, and more titles in circulation) or swap it with another archive for something we need. We also buy some books second-hand where we know that there's no way we'll ever get given a copy.

***CC* – If someone is interested in making use of the library, how would they go about it?**

KSL – In the first instance, people write to our box (KSL, BM Hurricane, London, WC1N 3XX) to ask what they need to know. Sometimes people are looking for small things, and we can give them a straight answer or photocopy something for them. If people are doing a large research project, they visit the actual location of the library.

***CC* – When and how did you begin publishing pamphlets? How much has been published and what is still in print?**

KSL – From the very first, it's been important for us to put stuff back into circulation by publishing it, either in pamphlet or book form, or in our bulletin. We think everything we produce has something in it of relevance for anarchists today. Also, each reprint makes it harder for academic 'official' history to deliberately get it wrong.

As well as our own pamphlets, we have co-published books with AK Press and we also distribute a small number of titles, like those by The Meltzer Press. We currently have 20 pamphlets and 4 books in print, and we're gradually reprinting most of our early pamphlets, so hopefully those numbers will go up and up!

CC – How do you decide what to publish and where does it originate?
KSL – We publish a wide range of stuff. Some of our titles (for example, *The Walsall Anarchists* by David Nicoll or *British Syndicalism* by Tom Brown) are reprints of stuff that would be impossible to get hold of nowadays. We also translate books and pamphlets into English – for example, *No Gods, No Masters* (one of the best anarchist anthologies) by Daniel Guerin was only available in French and Italian until the KSL and AK Press put it out in 1998. We also have some completely new titles that are original research, like the *Yiddish Anarchist Bibliography* or new memoirs like *Bash the Fash*.
We have a good selection of manuscripts that Cienfuegos Press never got round to publishing, many of which have never been published in English before. We are also in touch with Anarchist historians around the world, which means we keep our finger on the pulse of current research. We're always happy to see manuscripts that discuss stuff we're interested in. We're also happy to get donations so we can publish more!

CC – How long has the KSL: Bulletin been going? How widely is it circulated?
KSL – The KSL has always had a bulletin, but it's been going regularly since 1997. We're now up to issue 27. There's approximately 800 addresses on the mailing list and basically the Bulletin goes all over the world: the UK, the USA, South America, Australasia... The bulletin contains historic reprints, reviews and news to help keep people in touch with what we're doing.

CC – Who was Kate Sharpley and why did you name the library after her?
KSL – Kate Sharpley was a South London anarchist who was active at the time of the first world war. When she was given medals on behalf of her dead father and brother, she threw them into the queen's face saying "If you like them so much you can have them!" following which she was beaten up by the police. She was chosen to represent all the countless unknown anarchists (unknown because they didn't give speeches or write in papers) who made up the backbone of the movement.
To read some books on anarchist history, you'd think that the movement only existed because a few 'big names' ran around agitating. That's the very opposite of the truth: we've heard their names because they were the 'tip of the iceberg' of the movement – they were merely saying what the bulk of the movement either felt or had worked out in practice.

CC – What would be the five books you'd recommend as the most influential or inspiring you've ever read?
KSL – I think books are great, but we mustn't underestimate how influential other writings can be. Anyone who sits down to read a great thick tome is probably interested already, if not convinced. Given that Anarchism is based on simple ideas (the state is not there to look after you, but to keep you quiet; your employed only cares as long as you're profitable) you should never underestimate how effective a piece of graffiti, a leaflet or a sarcastic line in a magazine can be. Also, I'm not a great believer in turgid revolutionary prose: if it makes sense, you should be able to say it simply, I reckon. That said, here are my candidates:
A Day Mournful and Overcast. Written by a front-line anarchist fighter in the Spanish Civil War, a great account of why he became an anarchist and what it was the revolutionary militias were fighting for.
I Couldn't Paint Golden Angels, Albert Meltzer. Autobiography of one the people who (among many other things) helped to start the KSL. Not only is this a story of (recent) anarchist history in Britain, it's also a very funny read.
Paperboys: One man's accounts of picketing at Wapping. To some of your readers Wapping may be ancient history, but this is a really well written account of the war against Murdoch.
Panic at Peregonovka (anonymous). Again, I've put this one in because it's very well written- and the story of one battle of Makhno's against the counter-revolutionaries in the Ukraine sheds some light on what the Russian revolution could have been. As the writer says "it would have made a great movie."
As for the fifth, I'm afraid I have to cop out and give honourable mention to things like *The Floodgates of Anarchy, The Cienfuegos Press Anarchist Review* (the only anarchist magazine I know that got up to 184 A4 pages!), *Black Flag* (the voice of class-struggle anarchism in this country for over 30 years), *Breaking Free* (Tintin the Anarchist in a full-length graphic novel of revolution)

CC – What are your thoughts on the state of the anarchist movement today? Are there any lessons from the past which we should take heed of?
KSL – The past is full of lessons. Don't trust leaders who say 'power to the people', don't give the state a break. I think the most important one for the anarchist movement to confront is that there's a lot more to be gained by becoming a mass movement than becoming a bigger pressure group. I think we also need to develop our thinking – both critical and positive. It's both amusing and annoying to see events like Mayday being 'explained' by people who have as little interest in overthrowing capitalism or building a completely different world as bears do in flush toilets... We need to work out ideas on how we get from where we are now to where we actually want to be, and then share those with ordinary people. Anarchism's not a place for people with funny surnames to end up: it's about changing the world!

CC – What are your plans for the future of KSL?
KSL – In the short term, we hope to flog more books and pamphlets, so that we can print some more of the brilliant pieces we've got lined up. We do have other plans to increase the discussion of Anarchist ideas, but they're still at an early stage.
In the long tern, after the revolution, we're planning to produce a 30-volume 'who's who' of anarchist militants, based on captured police documents.

CC – Any final words?
KSL – Think more!

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S.H.I.T.

"The Ultimate Punk Festival"? No, this was not a description of the Leeds Punx Picnic (though of course it should be!) but, instead, of the Old Timers Weekend Out aka *Holidays In The Sun*. "Ultimate Money Grabbing" would be much more appropriate or how about "a blatant excuse for a bunch of has-beens to crawl out of the woodwork and cash in while a nostalgia-fuelled crowd don their rose-tinted glasses and reminisce about the 'good old days'"? Not too catchy, though. Let's face it, these events are just a chance for greedy organisers to line their pockets while bands who turned their backs on punk years ago readily leap on the bandwagon in a last ditch attempt to resurrect their "careers". Cos playing once a year in return for a ridiculously high cash incentive is really what punk's about isn't it? The fuck it is! To these cunts (Daz Russell and his cronies and all those bands best left as exhibits in the punk rock museum) punk has just become a byword for business and they rake in the profits while the sheep hand over their £65 to see a bunch of sad old tossers going through the motions, most of whom were shit even in their so-called heyday (who *really* wants to see **Tenpole Tudor** or **The Vibrators** for fucks sake). Punk was always meant to be a reaction to the way the mainstream music business operates not a cabaret of relics who are no more interested in punk than your average pub rock band at your local Working Men's Club.
Yet this year *H.I.T.S.* is not exclusively confined to the grave dodgers, strangely enough bands who you'd expect to avoid such transparent profiteering like the plague seem to be queuing up to offer their services at this debacle. For example, **P.A.I.N.**, once such vociferous advocates of the free festival and DIY culture are now demanding a guarantee of £300 plus £125 from the door takings a rider of 36 beers plus security – this from "ordinary" DIY gigs (including benefits) so they should fit in nicely with all the other avaricious twats. As for **The Subhumans**, well Dick himself has the best advice about these kind of festivals when recalling his own visitation to *H.I.T.S.*: "I blagged my way in, as you do. If I'd had to pay I would've thought it was just fucking too much. In fact I wasn't gonna go in if I couldn't get in for nowt" (interview in *In Darkness There Is No Choice* # 3) So there you go kids, if you really can't resist the lure of being a 'punks on postcards' for the weekend then you know what to do! (however blagging into genuine non-rip-off DIY gigs should be avoided at all costs cos you'll just look like a complete cunt) As for the likes of **Bus Station Loonies**, **Eastfield**, **W.O.R.M**, **Combat Shock** and **Dogshit Sandwich** who've obviously sold their souls to Satan in a bid for fame and fortune (or a desperate attempt to acquire groupies!) well you can see any one of them at gigs around the country right through the year without having to take out a mortgage on your home to do so...

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POLITICIANS TALK A LOAD OF SHITE

Political clichés really do my head in. Obviously all politician types speak in catchphrases and soundbites because they are the kind of things that stick in people's heads, and that's the whole point of public speaking. But the sheer tackiness of some of the slogans and buzzwords the New Labour spin-machine produces just defies belief. Obviously we've had classics in the past such as 'jobseeker', where they seem to think changing your title from unemployed to jobseeker will somehow make you more likely to get some shit-shovelling job and sign off. The scary thing is that it might work with some folk. Then of course we've had the 'New Deal', a phrase lifted from the Yanks and thus doubly unwelcome. New Deal = Fucking Shit Deal, as I'm sure anyone who has suffered the hassle will have noticed.

The mass media are responsible for spreading these terms and once they have been introduced they often make appearances in the papers in the form of headlines or just dropped into a story as if it was a normal English idiom. This is something I find quite sinister and it gives you some idea of how subservient the media is to the Millbank speech-writers and spin-doctors. The best examples recently have been related to the petrol crisis last year and the foot-and-mouth travesty this year. After the fuel protests, think how many times the term 'panic buying' has appeared. You don't really notice until you look for it, but these sorts of phrases, like 'open for business' which was the foot-and-mouth cliché, pop up all the time in the media. Often they are altered or used in an ironic way, but they are there now, introduced in a semi-artificial way into the English language. I suppose a lot of the clichés and idioms we use were probably like that at one point, and it is part of the very nature of language that phrases are appropriated, twisted and reused. Its just a bit odd to think how easily the language of bullshit politicians is adopted into the wider language.

Its odd how these sort of phrases can change. One I heard on the radio recently was a 'rapid reaction force for job creation'. That's almost a case of welding two totally unrelated clichés together, and it's a bit weird when you think about the meaning. It's the way that phrases like 'task force' or 'rapid reaction force', lifted straight from military terminology are thrown into political speech to try to give some idea of speed and efficiency. What a load of shit.

It's also good when these clichés totally fall flat. One thing the government are obsessed with at the minute is the idea of 'mentors'. This is more US crap, and always makes me think of bearded American men taking their sons into the woods to wrestle bears or some similarly creepy male-bonding shit. I reckon the mentor idea is pretty sinister anyway, not to mention sickeningly patronising, but for all the use of the word by politician types, you just know it could never enter the language properly, because anyone who uses it seriously just sounds like a twat.

My current favourite for sheer tackiness value is 'fighting crime and fighting the fear of crime', which Jack Straw repeats in every third sentence he utters. It has proved popular with the pigs though, and they keep using it in Leeds all the time when they are on about their latest 'crime reduction' project, the laughable Operation Target.

The most bizarre case is when this sort thing happens in reverse, which is rare but hilarious when it happens. The perfect illustration of what I mean is the term 'reclaim'. Now there was a point around 1996-99 when every anarcho or greenie type event used the word 'reclaim', so we were all urged to reclaim the streets, our lives, the land or whatever. I recall John Prescott spouting some shite about crime levels on TV around that time, and him using the line 'we must reclaim the streets for decent people'. After I'd finished laughing it occurred to me that this was the same cliché-building process in reverse. A cliché is evolved, spreads and becomes common enough that the politician scum pick up on it and use it back to us. I just loved the contrast between the supposedly decent middle-England types he was addressing and the use of the term 'reclaim the streets' with all its associations of fluffy ravers dancing to techno and spiky anarcho-types bricking the pigs. I guess he never thought of that.

Language is a really organic thing and it evolves in unpredictable ways, reflecting the equally unpredictable changes in the society of which it is a part. Think about the whole load of new terms the internet has introduced, for example, which evolved to describe a technology no-one could have predicted with any real accuracy. But at the same time, the mass media has tremendous power to artificially spread new terms and it is all a bit scary and Orwellian when you think about some slimy Oxbridge spin-doctor type coming up with all these bullshit terms and soundbites and having it all inserted into the newspapers and TV so you just can't ignore it. It isn't exactly Newspeak but on a smaller scale there are some sinister comparisons.

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BLOODY STUDENTS

Predictable topic for a rant, eh? Well, since I'm now back to living in LS6, the student ghetto of Leeds, I can't help but have a few opinions on the subject, can I? I don't hate students as individuals coz they are just people like everyone else, but studentdom as a culture really winds me up. Things aren't like they used to be and the cliches you see in 'Student Grant' in *Viz* are a thing of the past, since now most of them seem to be shirt wearing *Oasis* fans who pretend to like football and act like townies, but I'm going to ignore those cliches and have a look at some of the other problems they create. (Incidentally, I spent a bit over a year at university, so can t accuse me of being uninformed!)

I think the biggest problem you get with students is the effect they have on the areas they live. Since they tend to occupy areas en masse, usually poorer areas of town like LS6, they form a huge transient population. This means that for about 9 months of the year, everything in a student area caters for them, and for a few months over the summer, places like Hyde Park become ghost towns (or pleasantly tranquil more like). Businesses end up catering exclusively for them, so you get whole rows of shops where the traditional businesses are replaced with takeaways and wanky overpriced 'retro' clothes shops, leaving the proper local people at a loose end. And the seasonal nature of student life means that when they go back to 'mummy and daddy' in the summer, a lot of these shops shut down.

The effect on the quality of life for residents in such areas is huge, not to mention the noise and the puking in your garden every weekend. I am not going to condone student bashing, but it has to said that if you grew up in an area like this, seeing wealthy students treat your town like a playground, you can appreciate the reasons why that resentment can turn into aggression.

The effect spreads into property as well. The price of rented accommodation soars as landlord scum know they can screw gullible students. This effectively pushes normal people out of the area, increasing the ghetto effect. Furthermore, all empty houses are snapped up by the big landlords, pushing up house values, so that what was once an average working class area becomes unaffordable for ordinary people. The fact that students go on this mad rush for houses every spring and tend to have no interest in the cost or quality of their accommodation, because they only see it a s temporary, means that the landlord bastards can rent out virtual slums. For example, students round here pay £40 to £50 a week for a single room in a run-down shared terraced house, which is not far off what you'd pay for the whole house in other areas. Basically, students are a ripe market for rich bastards like landlords to make a fortune.

The affluence of most students means they don't have to worry about that of course. The scrapping of grants has meant that working class kids need to think hard about university, and either work to pay themselves through it (fair enough) or face huge debts at the end. Still, the majority have the privilege of parental support, and with the introduction of fees, this is likely to become more common, as higher education becomes even more middle class oriented. Of course the right school background and a posh accent has always been an asset in the world of university education.

In contrast to years gone by, students now seem to be totally apathetic. The trendy right-on lefty types you associate with students are in the minority now. Plus of course for many who are 'political' its all part of rebelling; three years as a vegetarian SWP member before they get a job on the stockmarket. I think most normal people have always thought of that as patronising bullshit, but at least in the past there was some level of politicisation. Now it's all fake laddishness and hedonism. The fact that Leeds University has a 'Free Speech Society' set up as a cover group by student BNP members says a lot too.

Now I could go on to complain about how they all talk really loud in pubs in that awful student accent they all seem to have, or how they hold up the queue in shops paying for pints of milk with credit cards but that would be slipping back into the realm of cliches and of course we wouldn't want to do that would we? Well yes, but I'll save all that for another article!!!

THE PORN INDUSTRY...

The other night I saw a documentary on Channel 4 called 'Hardcore'. It was about a woman from Britain who'd got involved in the porn industry and was getting more into it. She'd done a lot of photography and internet stuff and she wanted to get into films, so her agent had paid for her to go over to Hollywood and star in some films. She had a film crew following her progress, which was really weird. Inevitably, the agent (i.e. parasite) was total scum and kept pushing into stuff she didn't want to do and trying it on with her all the time, as if because she was up for being in films she was just some object for him to do he wanted with. The guy was a total maggot. That paled in comparison to a bloke called 'Max Hardcore' who the agent took her to see. She was expecting an interview or photo shoot and this guy just walks into the room and starts fucking her within about twenty seconds, in a less than consenting way. She ended up being coerced into doing a film shoot she didn't want to do right there and then. This Max Hardcore bloke has a reputation of being bit of a sick fucker, apparently, and although you never saw what he did to her, the description was enough. He dressed her up as a schoolgirl and choked her while she was sucking him off, to the point where she was unable to breathe. Now I don't think I'm alone in thinking that anyone who fantasises about raping schoolchildren is one twisted piece of shit. Seeing the effect it had on her was harrowing as was the way it had all been engineered by these parasite blokes. It was like they'd set the whole thing up to humiliate her and break her will so they could force her into even more stuff she didn't want to be involved in. Their motivation was of course using her to make them money and fucking her at will. You just got the feeling that there were some real evil bastards out there and the world would be a lot better off with them dead. If you ever get the chance I strongly recommend you watch this.

It's really made me think a lot about the porn industry, which I'd never given a load of thought to before. I have no problem whatsoever with the *concept* of porn, but obviously in practice its far from perfect. I mean lets face it, a very small percentage of pornography is actually any good. Some of it is just laughable, some of it, like that above, is just fucked up, while most of it is just pretty dull. However before I watched this I'd never really thought much about the people involved, the 'victims' and the 'exploiters'. I reckon there's a lot better and a lot worse in terms of treatment of those involved by their bosses than in that documentary but it just made me think that behind so much porn, there are people being manipulated and coerced into stuff they really don't want to do. It's something you can't just pay people and expect them to put up with.

I was flicking through a book of fetish photography by Trevor Watson recently which I've always thought of as comparatively tasteful and above-board, but I kept looking at the eyes of the women even in his photos and trying to think what they were *really* feeling at the moment the photo was taken, and how much of a mask they were putting on for the camera. I started thinking about some of the dodgier stuff on the internet that we'd looked up for a laugh, like piss-fetishism, dwarf-porn and the like. While we're all sitting around the computer having a good giggle at the tackiness or the vileness of it all, I wonder what the people involved are thinking. Note that I say people because although women undeniably get the worst of it, its men too.

Fucking sobering when you start to see something in a different and far less pleasant light. I'm not coming on all ultra-PC here and saying all porn is wrong or something because it isn't, in fact some of it is very good, but seeing that documentary made me realise that a significant portion of it has a less pleasant side, which it is all too easy to ignore.

gigs.

BILGE PUMP / PROPAGHUMBIES / SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY
Adelphi Hotel, Leeds, Tuesday 13th March 2001

This gig was a bit of a last minute decision and it was only the fact that **Propaghumbies** were playing that finally swung it for me. I was also quite curious to see the upstairs room of the *Adelphi* because just the day before, we'd tried unsuccessfully to book it for a **Citizen Fish** gig, but that's another story altogether. Anyway I got there a bit late and after waiting about fifteen minutes to get served (get some more bloody bar staff!) I bumped into a few folks and headed upstairs. The gig was a benefit for *Cops and Robbers* (a monthly DIY gig guide, focussing mostly on emo / hardcore stuff in Leeds) and the first thing that struck me on the way in was how many people were here.... at least 200, which is pretty impressive (and about double what the venue had told us the room could hold!?).

First up were Leeds emo band **Bilge Pump**. I've seen them plenty of times and to be honest I can't be doing with their music, so I stationed myself at the bar. Looking around, the room is a really bizarre L-shape, with the bar at one end, and a stage in the bend. However, the bands tonight were at the far end, round the corner and at 'ground level'. This was a pain coz in a place this size, with so many people in, you couldn't see a thing from the back. Not that I imagine any of the bands were much to look at...

Next up were **Propaghumbies**, my main reason for coming. They play ska-punk with horns somewhat in the vein of **Ex-Cathedra**, and they share a similarly rough singing style. They are also usually better live in my experience. As I said, I couldn't see shit and I couldn't be arsed to push down to the front coz it was too claustrophobic and besides I wasn't in a dancin' mood. So I stood around at the back drinking like some sad old-timer but nevertheless **Propaghumbies** were good as always.

A swift excursion to the cash machine followed at this point since I was making better than expected progress on the Grolsch. I got back in and the arsehole barman downstairs tried to rip me off for a fiver, so I was obliged to have some stern words and missed the start of **Sweep The Leg Johnny**. I got up there to find it even more packed and everyone watching the band. It was obvious who the kids wanted to see. Now, I had been told that this lot were an amazing hardcore band, so imagine my disappointment when it became clear they were neither amazing nor hardcore, but emo of the kind I truly hate. They clearly had talent and there was points when they'd sound good, but they were one of those annoying bands who change pace and sound and go off at weird tangents every thirty seconds so just when you think they might be improving, they go and spoil it with some awful jazzy interlude. On top of that, the vocals were weak and insipid and the hint of saxophone did nothing to improve things either. To be honest, I just couldn't be arsed, so I wandered off to spend some more quality time with my pint.

Well, I got to see one good band and check out a new venue which might see some more use in the future, maybe for this year's *Punks Picnic*. Shame about the other two which really aren't my thing at all.

Next day, after I got over the Grolsch-induced hangover, I flicked through some old copies of *Fracture* to try and find out exactly what **Sweep The Leg Johnny** were meant to be getting at. Even that bastion of emo-ness gave them poor reviews: "...it tends to ramble, at times seemingly incoherently...". Just shite if you ask me.

Fatty Sound System / APB / Kakadabu
The Fenton, Leeds, Saturday 24th March 2001

Me and Rachel had spent all day on a walk through obscure bits of South Leeds' industrial heritage, most excitingly a mill building constructed in the 19th century by a strange philanthropist mill-owner (ie. only slightly less of a cunt to his workforce than normal) which is based on Egyptian tombs. It has these mad carvings and huge columns all over the front and is made to look like it's built from huge blocks of stone. Best of all, the roof, which you unfortunately can't see, is grassed and during the war a flock of sheep was grazed on it. Smart as fuck! Anyway the walk was also combined with a couple of pints, and I sunk a load of cider while cooking tea, so it was guaranteed to be a long drunken night.

We got to the *Fenton* where I discovered Carlsberg for £1.60 a pint, so I resigned myself to a night drinking cheap piss, and we went upstairs. The gig room used to have loads of graffiti on the walls but that's been covered up, although it hasn't made the place any less dingy. The gig tonight was two local bands and a local dub sound system in between. **APB** and **Kakadabu** both play ska, with **Kakadabu** taking a more *2-tone* approach with occasional trombone, while **APB** seem to have a more spacey, dubby feel at times, with a Hammond organ type thing going on. Both were very good, as usual, but once again I was disappointed to hear **Kakadabu** using predictable covers, such as *'Gangsters'*, which is a bit of a pity because their own stuff is good enough for them not to have to rely on covers to get the kids dancing. Anyway, these are definitely two bands who deserve to be heard beyond Leeds.

The gig wound up and we headed off to the surprisingly alright *Rat & Parrot* for some late night drinking, and took the piss out of students on the way back. However, things took an unpleasant downward turn when me and Rachel got jumped by half a dozen towny lads and I got beaten unconscious. Oh well, shit happens. A good gig, shame about the towny scum

ANTHEM OF THE CENTURY / ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE / GOOD CLEAN FUN
Joseph's Well, Leeds, Saturday 24th February 2001

I'd just recovered from an exceptionally drunken Friday night which culminated in me standing on my roof in the small hours bellowing **Oppressed** lyrics to the world and chucking bricks into the road, which I will be the first to admit is sad in the extreme. So I thought I'd lay off the demon booze for Saturday night, which is odd really, since straightedge bands tend to make me want to drink more. Anyway, we braved the snow and luckily ran into Andy Cactus who gave us a lift. Joseph's Well is not one of my favourite venues, but it is one of the only places the right size for this sort of gig. However when we got in, the bar was bloody rammed so we promptly turned round, walked out and set off to the offy for our modest ration of a couple of cans each, and arrived back in time to catch **Anthem of the Century**. The gig room was already quite full, but the crowd was still quite placid. Not surprising really because **Anthem...** weren't overly inspiring. They sounded like they'd been overdosing on their **Youth of Today** pills and the singer was doing all the predictable HC moves, and trying unsuccessfully to look really mean. Actually in my sober state, all I could think is how theatrical and camp his daft antics looked. They weren't bad, but they just sounded like your typical generic 'youth crew' type band. I couldn't get into it, so we went back to the bar to taunt Andy while he was selling zines. One thing I did notice is that HC kids don't seem to be so keen on buying zines, and Andy seemed to have to put a lot of effort into selling. Maybe if he renamed it *XBaldCactusX* it might sell at gigs like this.

Anyway, back inside for **Atom and his Package**, one of those bands (can you call one person a band?) who I've heard being talked up for a while. I was really curious, because the descriptions I'd heard, which ran along the lines of "American college geek with guitar singing comedy songs with a backing tape", meant it could either be hilarious or totally dreadful. As it was I think I just didn't quite get it. For the first few songs, I was lost, and found myself thinking what an annoying dickhead 'Atom' was, and I kept feeling like I was missing the joke, especially with the rest of the crowd going wild. Then around the fifth song, he played a song about how good it was that Rob Halford out of **Judas Priest** was openly gay, which I thought was fucking inspired. He followed this with a piss-take of Swedish black metal which had me cracking up, and had a great line in it which ran something like "The church is on fire, let the motherfucker burn". Top notch! Suddenly I warmed to Atom. I don't think I ever got totally into his stuff, but the rest of the set seemed much sharper and funnier in a quirky sort of way. The kids liked it too and he had a good few folks dancing, which is pretty good going for a one-man band. He's definitely worth seeing, and I reckon I'd appreciate him far more a second time.

Back outside to ditch some excess clothing in Andy's car, because it was getting bloody sweaty inside. It really fucks me off that places like Joseph's Well don't have air conditioning on, because its so obviously a cuntish method of getting people to buy more drink. Inside it was getting well packed out and by the time **Good Clean Fun** came on, it was obvious what most people were here to see. They started with *'New Direction'* by **Gorilla Biscuits** which got the crowd going, but kind of disappointed me because its such an obvious cover and to be honest I'd rather hear a band play their own stuff than cover a song which they probably can't do better than the original. Oh well, the kids certainly liked it because straight off there was a serious pit going and the stage diving started up from the beginning. Thankfully the band carried on with their own stuff, which was all positive hardcore, characterised by the singers unusual voice (maybe I was imagining it but he seemed to have quite a high singing voice?). The thing that struck me straight away was how much fun the band seemed to be having and the singer was just constantly grinning. A refreshing change. Throughout the band were having a laugh with the audience and the banter was much more like a 'normal' punk band. The singer even proved what a non-dogmatic attitude they have to straightedge by telling the kids with crosses on their hands that they were taking it too seriously. Too fucking right! There was an interesting moment when they were on about how sexism had no place in hardcore. We were standing just behind everyone dancing, and I couldn't help thinking how all these testosterone-fired teenage male hardcore fans knocking hell out of each other were propagating a certain kind of sexism. There were women down the front too, and I'm in no way saying that women can't handle a rough gig, but all with all that sweaty macho male-bonding nonsense, its no wonder most of the women were keeping out of it. All of which struck me as ironic when the lads acting roughest at the front were the ones singing loudest to a song about sexism. Mind you, I can't criticise because I'm sometimes a bit of an 'enthusiastic' dancer, although at least that can be explained because I'm normally pissed up, which I'm guessing this lot weren't and there is a difference between bumping into people when you've had a few and knacking the crap out of each other when you're stone-cold sober. The other bizarre incident was when the drummer, who was a right gobby sod, admitted to being a christian. Now I couldn't work out if he was taking the piss or not, but he had a couple of the crowd on stage telling their best anti-christian jokes, so at least if he is that way he has a sense of humour about it. At this point Andy bellowed the slightly suspect comment 'Jesus takes it up the arse' which luckily everyone ignored. Anyway, call me narrow-minded, but I still reckon there is no place for christian beliefs in punk though. **Good Clean Fun** carried on and the kids loved it. They finished with **Minor Threat** and **7 Seconds** covers, which again I was a bit disappointed by and I'd much rather have heard their own stuff to finish, and with a good responsive audience, its not like they needed to rely on the cheap and cliched crowd pleasers. All in all though, I was very impressed, and as I said earlier, it's good to hear a straightedge band with a sense of humour for once.

The rest of the night was pretty uneventful to be honest. Once the gig had finished, we just got a lift home and went to bed, not pissed up as fuck for a change. I suppose personally it was most remarkable for being the first Saturday night for about two months where I haven't been an abysmally drunken cunt, but at least that meant I remembered enough to write this review.

DOG ON A ROPE in Croatia, May 2001

Having drunk our way through Germany and Switzerland, where we got marooned for four days due to the van falling to bits, the gigs in Serbia had to be cancelled and I'd so far managed to lose a front tooth and piss myself after a tequila marathon in a Swiss farmhouse. So now we had the prospect of three nights in the cheap beer heaven of Croatia. We got there after an epic overnight drive having spent our last deutschmarks on beer at the Slovenian border (except Dave nearly bought shandy coz he's a soft southerner). We arrived in Zagreb and found our way to Marco, our host's flat.

The first gig in the capital was at what looked like an old factory which had been converted into two gig venues and a big theatre space, and was run on a sort of licence arrangement with the local authority. The outside was covered with some incredible anarchist murals and we hung round and got stuck into some fine food and local beverages. The two support bands were decent although I can't remember either name, and one of them really impressed me, sort of like nineties hardcore crossed with **Conflict**. The crowd was a fair size, and enthusiastic, but as you might expect in a capital city, we had a few blaggers and jakey types, including one guy who looked like a bad 80s metaller and kept doing really odd stuff like grunting and beating shit out of a puppet thing someone stupidly brought into his vacinity. Cracked me up but he was a bit scary. **DOAR** went down well with a good amount of people up dancing, but frankly I can't remember much after that until we woke up next morning in a big room upstairs in the venue. We had a wander round Zagreb the next day. The town seemed to be half old buildings and half concrete tower blocks and the two things that really stick in my mind are the café called 'Café Spunk' and the sign on the door to a shopping centre which told you not to smoke or bring in dogs or guns!

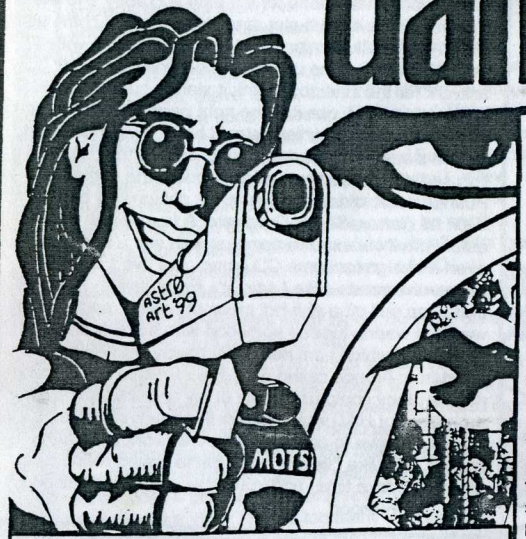
We set off for our next destination, a town on the coast called Pula, a few hours drive away, encountering a few coach-loads of squaddies on the way who gave us some bemused looks. It was a sobering reminder of the country's recent past and the fact they still have national service there. The road to Pula went over huge bridges and tunnels through some unbelievable mountain landscapes and the town itself was beautiful. The venue for the night was an old barracks and the town hosts the Monte Paradiso punk festival every year which I definitely intend going to. While **DOAR** were setting up, the rest of us hangers-on went off to do the tourist thing, and walked into town. We ran into a big election rally by some political party where we were plied with wine and doughnuts and had photos with the candidate then spent some time in a pub drinking cheap pints and regaling the locals with our renditions of **Hardskin** songs. After unsuccessfully trying to blag a barrel of wine from the politicians, we got piss wet through in the rain and got lost on the way home, so we missed the support band and to be honest I was too drunk to remember much about **DOAR**. We woke up the next morning in a strange little room full of mattresses surrounded by snoring people, with 'Sid' and 'Nancy' scrawled on the wall above our heads, so I dread to think what happened to deserve that insult.

After a lengthy coffee break in a local café and some top Croatian food (and some difficulties with the bizarre toilets) we spent the next day on the beach, drinking cold beers in the sun and swimming in the sea (well I didn't coz I can't swim properly). We then went to the best pizza shop in Europe. No shit, we got the nicest pizzas I've ever tasted and they were about two quid for 16" ones. And the waiter had a comedy penis hanging out of his back pocket.

Then we headed off to the last gig of the tour in a little town called Buzet. We turned up after a decent round of fighting in the van and met some of the locals who gave us beer and wanted to marry Rachel. The venue was hilariously called 'Club Bum' and was a really sorted autonomous centre type thing. We went to the garage, bought a massive amount of beer and walked up the hill behind the club to drink on the top of a rock face while the sun set. The gig itself was really well attended and it seemed like everyone from the surrounding area was there, with a really mixed crowd, and we started the night dancing with the locals to old '77 classics. The support band (can't remember their name either) were excellent although we had a few doubts at first, since Rachel thought one of them was wearing a bonehead band t-shirt (it wasn't). Hard to describe, but good shouty rowdy punk, which I must find out more about. More beer and **DOAR** played, with a good reception again. Their best gig of the tour by far, and they played for ages. Afterwards we had more punk classics and once again things get blurry later on. I remember a load of us singing along to the **Fakofbolan** version *of 'England Belongs To Me'* in English, and me losing my voice shouting along to **Sham 69**. I also recall drinking a load of bambus, a vicious Croatian brew consisting of cheap red wine mixed with a really syrupy soft drink, which finished me off, but not before I made a twat of myself spending fifteen minutes trying to chat up a local lass who didn't speak a word of English. Fuck knows what I did for the rest of the night, but I woke up still absolutely bollocksed lying on the pavement with everyone else. We got woken up by the local cops who kicked us out of town because we'd fallen asleep outside the mayor's house and it was election day. Doh! Miraculously Carl, who'd had about an hour's sleep, managed to pass a breath test and we drove off back towards England.

Croatia is fucking great, sound people, cheap booze and cigs, nice weather, good scenery. Makes me wonder why the fuck I still live in this dreary shit-hole. Oh well, off to the Monte Paradiso festival in a few weeks hopefully!

hell and damnation



Hell and Damnation fanzine has been going for about 5 years and Colin has just put out his ninth issue. He is well into obscure foreign hardcore and gets a lot of interviews and reviews of bands from all over the world, including a lot of places you would never have thought would have a punk scene at all. *HAD* is a really well put together zine and full of Colin's artwork, and he also has a distro selling a range of fanzines and a cheap tape distro called *Ei Kiitos* (I forgot to ask him what the fuck that means!) which has a lot of foreign hardcore type stuff. I have to admit that my musical tastes differ rather a lot from Colin's, but I like his zine and he struck me as an interesting guy, so here's what he had to say for himself....

***CC* - How did you get into zine writing? Your first issue had millions of reviews and a few adverts unlike most first issues, so I'm guessing you did something before *Hell and Damnation*? Also how did the first issue end up as a split with *Ripping Thrash*, because that's about the only instance I can think of where a first issue has been a spilt?**

HAD - I dunno really... It may have been something to do with some of the awesome zines I was reading at the time; *Riot, Ripping Thrash, Profane Existence, Arnie* to name a few which led me to start writing up some editorial blasphemy, and it wasn't until the summer of '94 I sent my first interview questions off to *Pink Flamingos*, from Berlin, and that was it basically. So like the 'millions' of reviews were written up from sometime in '94 to early '96 consisting of gear I had bought over those years which I felt deserves a plug. *HAD* was, and still is my first zine I have worked on/ put together. However in the early-mid 80s I did subscribe some info on the band I was playing in at the time (*Departed*) to *Be Bad Be Glad* zine, which was done by Taff outta *Disorder*. I'm not too sure how the debut issue ended up being a split issue with *Ripping Thrash* (ask Steve!), but I do know that it took me 18 months or more to finally get the zine surfaced as I had originally planned for it to be a 28 page solo issue which never happened thanx to Steve – ha!

DIY

***CC* - Hello Colin. Are you having a good day?**

HAD - Yeah, I'm doing okay seen that I'm hangover free this morning and spring is just around the corner (well betime ya get this out it'll be summer I guess). By the way, I don't know how ya can drink some of that industrial strength lager as it tastes like shit and fucks ya up too quick! 5% is my limit in that department and to be honest I can't drink owt without a decent head on it – give me stout any day of the week. *(I guess Colin is referring to the drink word-search in issue 2. I actually haven't touched that sort of crap for a couple of years now....it's quality lager or a decent stout for me these days – Chip)*

***CC* - How come you've abandoned the hand-written approach? Personally I find it easier to write on a computer, but the hand-written style was one of your zine's hallmarks, so why give it up?**

HAD - Well I happened to pick up a decent second-hand computer and printer and it was only the decent thing to do. Like you say, it's tons easier to type up all the text on a keyboard as opposed to scribbling away till ya fingers ache, plus it looks more legible and you can cram more in etc. I've never looked back, and to be honest, if the computer crashed on me I'd dread to think of going through all the turmoil of hand-written text as it really upsets the advocart when it comes to jerking off – ha, ha!

scene report

Plus the [illegible] of distant upheaval and

CC - How is the new tape label going? Any plans for vinyl or CD or are you going to keep it to the only true DIY format, the tape?
HAD - *Ei Kiitos* will remain a cassette only release label! I'm not into putting out vinyl (there is too many people releasing vinyl or CDs anyway and the cassette format has been left on the scrapheap due to high professionally released demands). I'll be releasing a new comp cassette soon with over a dozen or so hardcorepunk bands from all over the globe. I however prefer vinyl to cassettes (hisss-booo!) cos it's like what I was brought up with, and hey – if the likes of *Wretched* and *Rattus* weren't on vinyl in the first place they would have become obsolete a long time ago and lost some of their legendary status (even though I hate that term). I'm not going to go into CDs....

CC - Doncaster isn't exactly renowned for its punk scene, so what goes on round your parts? Any good local bands or venues, coz I'm not aware of any? Do you find yourself travelling to gigs much, or is there enough to keep you going in Doncaster?
HAD - Doncaster is a fuckin' hole. Nothing happens anymore. Town is full of dickheads, smackheads, conformist drones, 9 to 5 weekend pissheads blahhh blahhh blahhh... I suppose it's the same with most towns and cities, but at least places like Leeds/ Bradford, Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, Accrington Stanley etc. have some kind of punk thing going on and kids are actively involved – not like Doncaster. We last had a good thing going for us (venue wise) in the late 80s to early 90s where we had the likes of *Doom*, *Hellkrusher*, (the then reformed-) *Rubella Ballet* and even Japan's *S.O.B.* dropped in town. It kinda blew over in '92 with the venue been taken over by a new management and a face-lift. There's still one pub in town that puts on the odd gig by the likes of *UK Subs* and local band the *Adulescents UK*, but as you can guess is that I have no time for these bands – they're not DIY and their music sucks big time. It's just a good job I don't isolate myself outside this thing called punk. All my friends around here live a normalish kinda lifestyle, but we're roughly on the same brainwave as we're all a bunch of alcoholic losers scraping off the state to survive. So for me I've to travel outta town to check any decent bands.

CC - Your artwork is one thing which makes HAD stand out from the crowd. Have you done much outside the zine, eg. posters, record sleeves etc, and if not, would you like to get into that sort of thing?
HAD - I've like always been on the artistic side since I was at junior school, so it like comes from there. These days I hardly draw – well nowhere as much as I used to do, and I'm not as good at it these days as say when I was in my teens. It basically takes me ages to finish an image and I don't have the patience anymore. Some of the artwork I have done for the zine is crappy and like a rush job just to fill in a slot, and it's very rare I come up with a certain illustration that I am 100% happy with. I'll still continue to come up with the odd new design/ artwork for the zine cos I think it stands out with the layout/ text if you use it in the right perspective. I don't think I'll further this artistic slant I have, to say designing record sleeves etc – I don't think I am worthy of that if you say compared some of my work to the mighty Pushead who did some classic LP designs for bands such as *Rattus, Septic Death* etc. A few people have asked me if I wanted to come up with say a 7" sleeve even a design for some CD comp., but I've failed to deliver the goods. Like I said, it's kinda rare these days that I can pull off a shit-hot piece of artwork and I wouldn't wanna lumber someone with some half-cut rushed job which I am not 100% happy with. There's this band from France called *Slums* (ex *Primitiv Bunko*) who asked if they could use some of my artwork lifted from the pages of *HAD* which I gave the green light. To be honest, I'd love to contribute more artwork to whatever project – it's like I've just gotta get my head round it which can take time, and you know – you've gotta be in an arty farty mood....

CC - I remember about a year or two ago there was a weird story on local news about an alleged escaped tiger in Doncaster. Anything to do with you? Does that sort of thing happen a lot in Doncaster? And does the local council still have a reputation for taking back-handers?
HAD - Dunno about the tiger?... But there has been alleged sightings of Andy Cactus riding bareback on a Great Dane on Doncaster town fields. There's still some shifty goings on concerning the 'Dony Gate' scandal I reckon. Owt for fucking money and a free holiday in the Tofu Islands.

CC - Why Colin Astro? Is the name anything to do with something you've been involved in, like how zine writers end up getting called after their zine and people forget their real names (Trev HAGL, John Why etc etc)? Or did it just sound good at the time? Or were you in fact born Colin Astro?
HAD - I started using the 'Astro' moniker as a tag name to some of my artwork in the mid 90s. My legit surname is Davis! I do not know how where it comes from, but like when I was a kid punker (in the Departed days) our drummer came up with 'Gomf Astro of the 21st Century and the Spaceship Never Fails' as a kinda nickname for me *(what the hell?! – CMo)*. So maybe that's why I adopted the name 'Astro'.

CC - How did the *Jarjeton Inkvisitio* and *Network of Friends* omnibus zines come about and how were they received? Was it a nightmare getting stuff together on time from so many people? Any plans for more omnibus zines?
HAD - I'm afraid I'm the infiltrator of this omnibus malarkey! It was basically on the cards (well actually a pipe dream) for some time prior to Omnibus no.1 *Jarjeton Inkvisitio* surfacing. It was at the 1 in 12 Club sometime in '97 (I think?) when I suggested it to Chris Aversion and Steve Ripping Thrash, and it like snowballed from there. No.1 was a doddle (a few delays and two or three people had to pull out at the last minute...) to get together. On the day of going to the printers in Sheffield to pick up the finished zines, myself, Andy Cactus, Steve, Chris, John Why all met up with Evan and had a good knees up. No.2 aka *A Network of Friends* taken longer to put together and organise as there was people from all over mainland Europe wanting to gatecrash the ride, and again, as with no'1, a few people had to pull out at the last minute. But in all it wasn't that much of a hassle. There may be another omnibus zine put together in the future, but like for now I'd like to concentrate on solo issues of *HAD*.

CC - Where do you sell most zines, through distros, at gigs or people writing to you?
HAD - Through the mail – no doubt about that! Mostly I trade with other cool zines and labels/ distros etc. It's expensive I know, but it gets circulated/ distributed much easier than just dumping them off to people at gigs. Most copies go mainland Europe/ overseas, and if it wasn't for constructive trades it would just remain landmarked – and hey HAD is an international DIY hardcorepunk zine. There's too many UK zines still doing the rounds aimed only at the UK or maybe US market which kinda limits other scenes from obscure to non-English speaking countries. I also get quite a lot of orders as well, but like on the gig front I usually end up giving my zine away for free cos I'm by no means that inclined at door-to-door kind of salesmanship.

CC - Are there any new or particularly obscure bands which *Cargo Cult* readers probably won't know about that you'd recommend checking out?
HAD - Fuck! There's toooooo many what you'd call 'obscure' thrash bands that I'd recommend to the readers of your fine zine – but hey, how many people actually dig raging hardcore thrash (and I'm not talking metal hardcore wank or this new school crap!) these days? Anyway, you asked me, so I'm gonna go there: *Civil Rights* (Japan), *Kansan Demokratia* (Finland), *Masslakt* (Sweden), *Dios Hastio* (Peru), *Amor Protesto Y Odio, Mahogony* (both Brazil), *E-150, Cementerio Show* (both Spanish), *Melee, Atrocious Madness* (both USA), *Alt TC* (Greece), *Corrosione* (Italy), *Specops* (Malaysia), *Dread 101* (Czech Rep.), *Apatia No* (Venezuela), *Dumbstruck* (UK), and any honest (DIY non-profit) anarchopunk bands such as *Protestera* (Sweden), *Diaspora* (Finland), *Harum-Scarum* (USA)... Fuck this anarcho revival – the likes of *Conflict* and *Crass* (members) shreaded their skin a long time ago!

CC - You seem to have contacts all over the world. Now your zine is well established, do you find a lot of people writing to you rather than you searching them out? Where outside Europe do you rate as the most exciting or inspiring scene at the moment and why? Have you ever visited any of the foreign contacts you've made or do you have any plans to do so?
HAD - As I said above that I try to get the zine circulated as far afield as possible through the aid of communication. Yeah, I've had quite a lot of people write to me in response to the zine and it's always fuckin' cool to hear from folk from some of the obscurest countries who you would never hear from if it say wasn't for the zine. I've been writing to people from overseas since the mid 80s in one form or another, but over the last 8-10 years the basis of global communication (and I'm not referring to the internet here) has become way more consolidated and a healthier resource for the international DIY punk movement. Most of Asia has an exciting and somewhat culturevated scene: Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and not forgetting Japan as well as Latin America, Russia and the Tofu Islands (ha!).... I've been saying for the last several years that I'll travel more and visit friends from overseas, but the JSA don't pat enough. I'm fuckin' hopeless at saving money and I don't have a bank account. I'm gonna get out more this summer with a bit of luck – and I'm not talking about Cleethorpes either!

CC - Are you one of those zine writers (like me...) who would secretly love to be in a band, but lack the talent or capacity to show off and act like a fool in public? Have you ever flirted with a musical career?
HAD - Not any longer mate! As I mentioned earlier on, I used to play in a few bands in the mid 80s and I still can't function properly with the bass guitar (I'm better now than what I was back then. Playing in bands and making a fool of yourself on stage is for pussies – doing a zine is where all the action's at – ha, ha! *(Fucking right it is! – Chip)*

CC - Any last words, good jokes, witty observations etc?
HAD - Anyway Chip me ol' mate, it was fun doing this and it's only taken me about 4 and a half fuckin' hours to type this lot up (your gonna need to use spell check). All the best with ya zine *Cargo Cult* and I'll catch ya later mate... Sorry, no jokes or witty observations – I've done my time. See ya later guv, cheers, Colin.

For *HAD* or his zine or tape distros, write to:
Colin, 22 Burns Villas, East Lane, Stainforth, Doncaster, DN7 5DP, England

more Stuff 'n that... "Country and Western as fuck!" - The man from Del Monte. (Says YES!)...

Zines.

(and books too)

DIRECT HIT #1
This used to be *No Barcodes Necessary*, but for some reason is now called *Direct Hit*. Seems a bit pointless to me, especially considering the excellent reputation *No Barcodes*... had. It also now comes with an EP attached, featuring **Urko** and **Active Minds**, both of whom are interviewed, along with **Dropdead**, **DS13**, **Suspect Device** fanzine and more, most of which are extremely long and interesting, so there's loads to read. I always like **Active Minds** interviews as they give really good thoughtful answers, but for fucks sake how can they be so bloody PC all the time? I just wish one of them would flip up and tell us a dodgy joke or something. Lighten up lads and have a beer. My only whinge about this zine is that my last issue was mis-spelt in the reviews section. It's 'Cult' not 'Guilt'... that would make no sense, damn it. Anyway I liked this a lot, but the price tag might make you think twice if you don't like the sound of the EP. Send £3.50 (post paid) to Mel Hughes, PO Box 36, Armagh, BT60 3PQ, N.Ireland

HARDCORE #14
This is another of those well established zines that's been going since about 1954 or something and the experience shows, especially in the design of it which has the unusual feature of being really professional without looking stale or pretentious. Inside we have reviews and a long article about the riots in America, along with **Brezhnev**, **The 'Tone**, **Grand Theft Audio** and **Code of Honour** interviews, a biography of **Flipper** the band, not that cunt of a dolphin) and a **BYO Records** discography. The writer Welly is in **Four Letter Word** as well, so wish him good luck with the legal hassles. Write to 1 Aberdulais Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff, CF14 2PH, Wales

INFINITE MONKEY #2
This is an odd one. It's a cut 'n' paste number with a hardcore and metal angle. There's interviews with **Creation Is Crucifixion**, **Michael Knight** (a band, as opposed to the bloke out of *Knightrider*) and **Knut**, an excessive thirteen pages of reviews and some columns. There's also articles etc, including a relatively entertaining one about a series of gigs the writer went to, and a really bizarre one about old metal stuff he has ped off his mates which I thought was a total space-ler. Content-wise its alright, and there's a lot in there ut he does tend to ramble on a hell of a lot. However, ere is one major problem....the price. This lad really ants to find a cheaper way to copy this, because a quid r forty odd pages of A5 photocopied cut 'n' paste is a t of a bloody joke. It isn't even stapled, for god's sake. y Bradford Resource Centre, where you can do the ame thing on a duplicator for less than 40p a copy. alve the price of this and I'd say it was decent. As it is I an't say it lit my fire, but if you like the sound of it, send at quid and an SAE to Ewan Frater, PO Box 169, radford, BD1 2UJ, England

RIOT ON YOUR OWN #6
This Belfast zine is mostly made up of gig reviews with a very short **Runnin' Riot** interview and there's a lot of photos of bands and the writers mates which are well reproduced. The zine itself is alright despite there not being much reading in it. However, when writing about **Runnin' Riot** playing in London he says him and his mates '...spent the set with our backs to the band trying to stop the audience spilling onto the stage...'. This fails to fully describe what went on. I happened to be at that gig and was on the receiving end of these self-appointed bouncers. There was no problem whatsoever with the crowd or the band and no-one was anywhere near 'spilling onto the stage' because there was only about twenty-odd people up dancing, but still this wanker and his mate went off on some macho thing and started laying into anyone who got anywhere near the front. So apart from that episode of utter fuckwit behaviour from the writer, I suppose this is worth a look, especially as it is free. Send an SAE to Bill, 5 Glen Road, Belfast, BT5 7JH, N.Ireland

FUNNY WEATHER WE'RE HAVING AT THE MOMENT, ISN'T IT DEAR?
This is 16 page pamphlet by eco-anarchist cartoonist Kate Evans. As ever, her cartoons are amusing and highly informative and this is about climate change. It was written last November in the wake of the flooding around the country and if you want an entertaining way to find out some solid information about global warming and who and what is behind it, I suggest you check this out. Send two first class stamps to 1 Townhead Cottages, Dunford Bridge, Sheffield, S36 4TG, England

BALD CACTUS #18
Andy's latest offering has interviews with **Brezhnev**, **Chokeword**, **Eastfield**, and an excellent one with anarchist prisoner **Mark Barnsley**. There is also one with **Rudimentary Peni** which is interesting but a bit sycophantic, and was taken off the internet. There's also the usual reviews and Andy's trademark rants and a couple of interesting letters, especially the one which slags off the ultra-vegan fuckwit who had a letter in the last issue. Delightful Barbie pink cover as well. 50p and an SAE from Bald Cactus, PO Box HP 171, Leeds, LS6 1XX

BEATEN UP, FITTED UP, LOCKED UP
If you don't know about the case of Mark Barnsley buy this right now. Mark is an anarchist from Sheffield who was attacked in a pub by a mob of students and jailed for defending himself. As the title of this pamphlet suggests, he was fitted up, and this is an in-depth guide to the case, showing the overwhelming evidence of his innocence. Strongly recommended. Send £2 and an SAE to Justice for Mark Barnsley, PO Box 381, Huddersfield, HD1 3XX, England

SAVAGE AMUSEMENT #12
This Oi oriented newsletter is put out by Trev who used to do *HAGL* zine. Its mostly made up of reviews and some news and gossip, but don't think its boring. Trev's writing is spot on and some of his reviews crack me up. Also his politics are firmly on the correct side of the fence and unlike certain Oi publications he isn't afraid to declare his anti-fascism although I do sometimes think he might be a tad harsher on dodgy bands like **Combat 84**. This is also really good for finding out about obscure Oi and streetpunk bands you'd probably not hear about otherwise and to top it all off, its free (and a better read than a lot of so-called proper zines you'd pay good money for). Send an SAE to Trev, Rosehill, 20 Front street, Tanfield Lea, Stanley, County Durham, DH9 9LY, England and ask for his distro list as well....he even sells Ben Shermans!

SCRAWL #3
This is free 12-page newsletter type thing from Belfast. There's normally a limit to how much I can get excited over such things, but this one came as a very pleasant surprise. There's a load of the obligatory reviews, an article on artist John Heartfield and a really good article on the persecution of refugees. It might not sound like there's hell of a lot to it, but for free it's a bloody good intelligent and informative read. Send an SAE to Scrawl, 1-5 Donegall Lane, Belfast, N. Ireland

BASH THE FASH by K. Bullstreet
This pamphlet, subtitled 'Anti-Fascist Recollections 1984-93' is just that, a brief account of the writer's involvement with militant anti-fascism. It is a quick but entertaining read and in among all the anecdotes of scum getting their heads stoved in, there's some sound lessons on tactics. The author isn't afraid to admit his mistakes, and his occasional laziness or cowardice, which makes it all the more plausible and human, since I think anyone involved in this sort of stuff has felt the same at points. The one criticism is that some of it sounds a bit over the top, rather like listening to someone talking up their exploits down the pub afterwards. I'd still recommend you get it, coz how can you resist tales such as Nicky Crane getting an iron bar wrapped round his head! Send two quid (inc. postage) to Kate Sharpley Library, BM Hurricane, London, WC1N 3XX, England

KSL BULLETIN # 26
The newsletter of the Kate Sharpley Library comes with extracts from Emma Goldman's *Mother Earth* journal, an article on Italian anarchism, a short interview with author Giuseppe Galzerano, plus other odds and sods and a list of the KSL distro. Interesting stuff, if a tad esoteric, but definitely worth a look. Subscriptions cost three quid for four issues form the KSL address.

FANZINE # 2
A very self explanatory title! This new zine contains an interview with **One Minute Silence** plus articles and reviews. Enthusiastic, even though all the mentions of *Kerrang* bands left me feeling old. Write to 16 Rockland Crescent, Clayton, Bradford, BD7 2SN, England

CHOMSKY AND GLOBALISATION by Jeremy Fox
This slim pocket sized volume (ie not much reading in it for the money) is a kind of beginners guide to Noam Chomsky's views of globalisation, neo-liberalism and the free market. All of these are terms which are thrown around a lot in the media these days, yet they a bit slippery to define, and this starts by giving the reader a basic idea of each of these concepts, and discussing Chomsky's attitudes, as well as going into Third World debt. At only 80 small pages, it is the kind of thing you could rattle through on a couple of bus journeys and the accessibility of it makes a good starting point to Chomsky. However, although I felt it clarified certain ideas a bit, there really wasn't enough substance or any major new revelations to be found. Worth reading, but only if you've never read any Chomsky before, and to be honest, I'd advise spending the extra few quid and getting *Chronicles of Dissent* which provides a much more thorough introduction to his opinions. Published by *Icon Books* at £3.99 from bookshops.

MORGENMUFFEL # 8
I'd heard a lot of good stuff about this but never seen a copy until I picked this up in Brighton. It's mostly in the form of cartoons which deal with stuff the writer, Isy has been up to and other things, the highlights of which are her story of not getting to the big riot affair in Prague last year and an ace *Buffy* piss-take called '*Tuffy the Fascist Slayer*'! This zine manages the rare feat of being personal while avoiding being self-indulgent, and the cartoon style and humour make it well worth tracking down. I just wish I could draw that well.... grrrr. Send 40p and an SAE to Box B, 21 Little Preston Street, Brighton, BN1 2HQ, England

UNDERDOG #7
Overpriced third-rate shite. I refused to pay a quid for this but I had the misfortune to be given a copy and fuck me is it bad! A few interviews with shitty metal bands and some juvenile articles with loads of oversized text and space-wasting. You know when someone tries to do non-PC humour and it just falls flat, well that about sums this up. Apparently the next issue will be the last (good!) coz the writer is becoming an English teacher. Poor kids. Don't bother sending off for it, but if you really must, the address is Steve B, 62 Lynwood Crescent, Pontefract, W. Yorks, WF8 3QX, England

CAT ON A STRING # 5
Leeds' second longest running punk zine returns after a couple of years absence, with the best issue yet and a change from previous issues as its now all typed. You get interviews with **Bug Central**, **Boz (The Steam Pig / Nosebleed zine)**, **Trev HAGL** and **Left For Dead** plus articles on Mark Barnsley (who it's a benefit for), Miguel Garcia, the Anarchist Black Cross and more, and stacks of rants and bluntly honest reviews and a ridiculous free gift. Loads of reading and highly recommended as usual, despite my crap contributions lowering the tone. Send 50p and an SAE to COAS, PO Box HP171, Leeds LS6 1XX.

IN DARKNESS THERE IS NO CHOICE #4

More eighties anarcho reminiscences here, with a history of **Icons of Filth**, plus interviews with **Abusive Youth**, **Wat Tyler** and a long and interesting one with **Ebola**, plus rants and reviews. I really like this zine, because although it could be criticised for boring layouts or being stuck in the 80s it is really enthusiastic and the very tidy layout gives it a totally individual look. This is always worth a look, especially if you share a taste for **Subhumans** and **Conflict** era music. 40p and an SAE from Ian Thomas, 4 Cumber Drive, Wilmslow, Cheshire, SK9 6DZ, England

R'LYEH RISING #4

This American zine, as the title suggests, has a bit of a **Lovecraft** fixation. There's a very brief interview with the director of the Lovecraft based film, *Reanimator*, and interviews with **Oi Polloi** and **Mass Separation**, some of Lovecraft's (appalling) poetry and a ripped-off Bruce Sterling short story. The whole thing looks really good as well and its always nice to see Lovecraft rear his head since even though he was a mental racist cunt, he wrote a damn fine story. Write to R'lyeh Rising, PO Box 40113, Portland OR 97240-0113

HELL AND DAMNATION #9

Another good *HAD*. Only on interview, a lengthy one with Portland band **Atrocious Madness**, one of whom does *R'lyeh Rising* zine. There's also stuff on the Zapatistas, the Biotic Baking Brigade, plus loads of reviews and top artwork as ever and as always its dead cheap. Send 30p and an SAE to the address at the end of the interview.

THIRSK 2000 split zine

Small Sailor, My God Can Beat Up Your God and *Monkey Bizness* zines collaborate on a millenium issue. The first two put in a decent performance, but the Monkey Bizness is, I'm afraid to say total shite, not funny and frankly a waste of paper. I'm sure the writer and his mates must have found it hilarious when they were stoned out of their heads or whatever, but I thought it was toss. Anyway, the decent two thirds of this contains interviews with **Dropnose, One Car Pile-up, Against All Authority** and **Crackle Records**. There's the usual reviews, humour, rants etc and all in all it's a good read. The cover is excellent, a piss-take of a **Kiss** LP cover ('Destroyer' I think?) and rates as one of the best covers I've seen in ages! Send 50p and an SAE to Aaron, 6 Mowbray Place, Thirsk, YO7 1RF, England

RIPPING THRASH #20

More good stuff from Steve, and thankfully its not another split with that awful *Dripping Gash* zine like the last issue! Interviews with **Nuclear Mutants, Cause For Effect, Libertad Perdida, Pizda Materna, Warsore, Dystopia** and **Trottel**, plus reviews and rants. Its all good stuff and as you can probably tell from the bands, Steve is into his obscure foreign noise. Odd how none of the interviews are actually done by Steve though...he seems to have a small army of interviewers across the globe supplying him. Fine stuff, so send 50p and an SAE to Steve, PO Box 152, Burton-on-Trent, DE14 1XX, England

GIBBERING MADNESS #7

This is always interesting and focuses a lot on the arty creative type of thing that Evan is involved in, so you get a lot of artwork from his contributors, bits of weird short fiction etc. Also, although he reviews punk records and zines, he doesn't do band interviews. Instead we get an interview with an anarcho-witch (hippy alert!!!), an interesting account of Evan's travels in Slovenia and Croatia, reviews and stuff about horror films which are a big obsession of this zine too. Peculiar but worth a look. Send 50p and an SAE to Evan, PO Box 298, Sheffield, S10 5XT, England

RATZ ARE NICE by Lawrence Braithwaite

This novel was clearly written by a pretentious twat and may be the most rambling incoherent sack of toss I've ever come across. I was taken in by it because the cover had a mob of skins on it and it is about the US skinhead scene. Not that you'd know if you read it since it has no discernible plot and the language is just disjointed bollocks. 'A white hot explosion of oi...' it said on the back. Er, no that's not actually correct. As for the claim that the author 'makes other youth cult writers look like the posers they are', well I think if you examine the evidence he is in fact an arty posing wanker himself. He includes a glossary of skinhead and hardcore terms and bands at the end, which is bad enough in itself, being riddled with minor inaccuracies and hopelessly incomplete. If you want good dodgy novels about skinheads, read **Richard Allen**. Avoid this piece of crap and remember what I learnt to my cost, that you should never judge a book by its cover. If you choose to ignore my advice, get it from a bookshop, but I guarantee it'll be the worst eight quid you've ever spent.

DO OR DIE #8

If you saw the last few issues of this you'll know it roughly doubles in size each issue so by rights this one should have been like *'War and peace'* but instead they've made it a bit bigger and given it a nice colour cover. If you have never come across *Do or Die* I suggest you remedy that situation right now. Its an annual journal of ecological and anarchist resistance and looks in depth at the movement globally. This issue has articles on the riots in Prague and Seattle, genetic engineering, the farcical Mayday RTS thing in London last year, globalisation, anarchism in Spain, the Black Panthers, and loads more. Bloody good. It sounds pricey, but remember it's a 230 page book! Send a fiver (post paid) to Do or Die, c/o Prior House, 6 Tilbury Place, Brighton, BN2 2GY, England

REASON TO BELIEVE # 1

This is a new free hardcore zine from Leeds which seems to take inspiration (at least in appearance) from *Fracture*. However it has a much better mix of articles, including travelling in Ecuador, making skate-ramps (!!), a Leeds community project, Scarborough DIY collective, plus interviews with **Endstand** and **Scorched Earth Policy** records. There's a sensible amount of reviews, no boring 'columns', and its not drowned in adverts. All in all, I am very impressed and I look forward to future issues. Send an A4 50p SAE to reason To Believe, c/o 145-149 Cardigan Road, Leeds, LS6 1LJ, England

MORTAL WOUND

It all started last autumn, the day of the last England / Germany match at Wembley. Me and Little Tom had spent all afternoon sitting in the *Roundhay* pub and I was copiously drunk by early evening. Off to the boozer for the rest of the night and then after a load more beer, off clubbing at the *West Indian Centre*. A couple of pills and a few lines of speed and I was truly away with it. Okay, nothing terribly unusual about the day so far, just one of those very long and intense sessions you sometimes find yourself in.

We left the club and I got back to my flat about 4am, and went straight to bed. Just as I got into bed I remembered I hadn't let the dog out for a piss, so I blundered around in the dark and pulled my jeans on. At this point the night took a terrible turn for the worse. Now, the men reading this may well be familiar with the risk of trapping your tackle in your trouser zip, but in my fucked state, falling all over, I managed to trap my scrotum in the metal zip of my jeans, creating a rather scary inch-long v-shaped gash, with a little strip of skin peeled back like the top of a sardine tin. At this point the pain was not *too* unbearable, but there was a small river of blood running down each leg, so I stood in the bath, as blood began to form a pool around my feet. By this stage I had become somewhat hysterical, and I thought I'd best get to casualty, but for some obscure reason, probably the drink and drugs, I thought it would be better to walk. I wrapped a load of toilet paper round my bleeding member, got dressed and walked up to the *A & E* dept at Jimmy's hospital, about twenty minutes away. I then had to explain the situation to a nurse and wait four uncomfortable, coffee-fueled hours to be seen by a doctor. By about 9am, a nurse came in and I was led into a room. He took one look at my makeshift dressing, which was by now a solidified mass of toilet paper, blood and pubic hair.... out came the clippers and off came *all* my pubes. I then had to face the doctor. Bear in mind the amount of class-A drugs I had in my system and the effect they tend to have on the male anatomy and then imagine my shock as the doctor turns out to be a fairly attractive woman of around thirty. I really couldn't face the indignity of telling this woman the ridiculous accident I'd committed and then showing her my now bald, amphetamine-shunken penis, so I just sort of looked at her and asked in a pathetic stammering voice if I could have a male doctor. The male doctor was thoroughly condescending and treated me to three stitches. With the anaesthetic and viewed through a hole in a sheet, my hairless, slightly shrivelled penis looked like it wasn't even mine.

The next two weeks were spent off work of course, moaning to anyone who would listen about how much my shaved pubes chafed, and blow-drying my bollocks after every twice-daily bath, on the advice of the nurse. The moral of the story.... well I don't know, but maybe "Never forget to put on your underwear when you are speeding your tits off and you need to walk the dog in the middle of the night" would do.

DISTROS

Check out some of the following distros for a decent and cheap selection of music and reading material....

Active Distribution, BM Active, London, WC1N 3XX, England
Armed With Anger, PO Box 487, Bradford, BD2 4YU, England
Bald Cactus, PO Box HP 171, Leeds, LS6 1XX, England
BBP, Box 81, 82 Colstion Street, Bristl, BS1 5BB, England
Bitter And Twisted, PO Box 298, Sheffield, S10 5XT, England
Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, Sw11 1PG, England
Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, England
Flat Earth, PO Box 169, Forster Court, Bradford, BD1 2UJ, England
Ripping Thrash, PO Box 152, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, DE14 1XX, England
Ruptured Ambitions, Old Forge Cottage, Rushford, Lamerton, Tavistock, Devon, PL19 8RY, England
Savage Amusement, Rosehill, 20 Front Street, Tanfield Lea, Stanley, Co. Durham, DH9 9LY, England

HA HA HA HA HA

'Chubby' Chris Henderson, singer of ever-so-slightly-dodgy eighties oi band **Combat 84** recently co-wrote a book about football violence called *Who Wants It?* There's a big industry around ex-hooligans 'going straight' and writing their memoirs, some of which are vaguely entertaining, but most of which are pretty substandard. There's only so many times you can read things like "they was fuckin' soft, we fuckin' done 'em in with an 'ammer" without cringing and Henderson's effort was a very poor example. Possibly the only entertainment came from laughing at his lame efforts to deny his racist background in a sort of 'I was just misunderstood' way. Fucking tosser. Naturally his posh Charterhouse education was never mentioned. Anyway, it was due to come out last November timed for the christmas rush when that sort of stuff is most popular. However all the copies had the pages printed in the wrong order, so they had to be returned to the publisher and by the time it was re-printed, the rush was over, so his sales were massively reduced. Ha ha ha. Fuck off you fat racist cunt.

PHOTO OF THE DECADE

After the big kick-off in Bradford in July, the papers carried a picture of one of the white blokes who got stabbed. How we cheered when we found out it was local wife-beating nazi shit Dave Appleyard. Shame they didn't kill the fucking vermin. In fact I'm strongly thinking of knocking up some celebratory T-shirts from the photo. I'll try to stick it in the next issue so you can all gloat over it as well.

Scum are an oi / streetpunk band from Huddersfield. I heard their demo after they sent it to Rachel and I was quite impressed (although I don't think she was!). Nice to see some young bands doing something that doesn't just involve copying the latest _Epitaph_ crap. Hopefully we'll be putting them on in Leeds sometime in the near future. Their demo is reviewed elsewhere and all answers are by Ross.

***Cargo Cult* – Tell us a bit about *Scum* – who's in the band, how and when did you get together? What do you all do outside of the band? Any of you been in any other bands or involved on other punk scene activities?**

Ross – *Scum* have been together one year. The line up is...

Ross, vocals, age 23 Mat, guitar, age 17 Rich, guitar, age17
Rob, bass, age 17 Cookie, drums, age 17

Cookie, Mat and Rich started at school but didn't do anything. Then disaster struck and they met Ross, a skinhead from the same town and used to go to the same school a few years before (well occasionally went to school). I thought fuck it if you want I'll sing! When asked what experience I had the reply was "Er I sing along to bands at gigs, will that do!" Then an advert was put around Huddersfield for a bass player. First we had a girl called Holly but she was shit (how can I say that with my singing!) then was replaced by Rob who met Mat and Rich at 6th from college.

CC – How did you come to be called *Scum* – anything to do with the classic borstal film? What was the worst name proposed for the band?

R – We were first called *P.C. Scum*, which was only decided due to the fact we had our first gig coming up with *Gundog*. All our mates took the piss so we shortened it to *Scum* (sums us up really!)

CC – What bands have influenced you? As a fairly young band how did you come to be so influenced by oi? What do you think of about the majority of young bands playing pop-punk shite and singing in fake american accents?

R – Bands that influenced us are *Dropkick Murphys*, *Rancid, 4 Skins, The Business*. I got into the skinhead/ oi thing in the early 1990s (about 92-93 ish) at school. It was my best mate who knew an ex-skinhead who gave us his old oi records. Mat, Rich, Cookie through *Rancid, Dropkick Murphys*. Me personally I don't really like pop-punk (its not real and I can't relate to rich kid rebellion) but it does get people into real punk so it can't be a bad thing.

CC - You've supported bands like *The Business, Subs* etc – how did that come about? What was it like playing with such established bands? How did you get on with them and do you have any gossip about them? Any rock-star bullshit attitudes?

R – Fuck me! Playing with *The Business* was a great experience. When I became a skinhead I thought just seeing *The Business* live would be cool (at the time they had split up). The *Business* gig was only our fourth gig and we was offered it after our first gig with *Gundog*. We owe it all to Ali from Rotherham. He gave us the chance to first play live and has given us gigs with *Argy Bargy* and one with *Loyalty*.

Micky from *The Business* is a right laugh. Went to the pub with him before the gig. All the band members have been great and really helpful and supportive especially Watford John from *Argy Bargy*. None of them had attitudes. Just like one of the lads. It's what oi is about. Have a laugh and stick together.

CC – Huddersfield used to have a massive punk scene years ago (so I'm told – before my time!). How is it now? Any other decent bands/ zines etc? What are the pubs like and are there any decent venues?

R – Huddersfield has no scene at all! We only played there once. Everyone's into trendy nightclubs and wank trendy pubs. We spend our spare time in Sheffield. Top lads (and lasses) and a good punk scene. If it wasn't for the band I'd be fucked ha ha!

CC – Could you tell us a bit about the demo? What salesman line would you use to flog it to someone? Any plans for any more recording?

R – The demo is only 4 songs due to money. I am the only one in the band working. We would love to record all our material and covers. We'll have to see what happens! Since the demo we have wrote some good new stuff which would have been better on the demo in my opinion, but the demo is OK for our first attempt (I hope!). "Oi wanna buy a demo" (tape or CD)

CC – How did you come to be involved in the Mark Barnsley benefit CD? When's that out and who else is on it?

R – It was Ali from Rotherham who put us on the Mark Barnsley CD. I don't know its release date, but other bands on it are *Violent Affray, The Warriors, The Business, Reazione, Red Alert*. Sorry that's all I can remember, but loads of good punk bands!

CC – As an oi / streetpunk band, what are your thoughts on the bonehead nazi end of the oi scene? How do you feel about fence-sitting types like George Marshall who refuse to fully condemn the fash? What would you do if any boneheads appeared at a *Scum* gig – kick fuck out of them or try to persuade them of the error of their ways? Shouldn't all true skinheads be leftwing / anarcho if it is truly a working class culture? Ever had any dickheads giving you grief for being skinheads?

R – Difficult question. The oi scene has been flooded with hangers on from all sides possible. To me and the rest of the band oi is having a beer, laugh, say and good real life music. No politics left or right. No politician's ever gonna live where I do or wash cars like I do. They don't know me and I don't want to know them. There are enough fuckers out there who use you without people in the scene too – nobody's fool! Oi is seeing through the bollox isn't it? So far we have had no trouble at gigs. Hopefully those days are on the way out.

I don't push my views on people so they should respect that and not push them on me. I'm not into kicking the fuck out of people. Got me GBH on my record that did and I wouldn't last two days banged up.

As for George Marshall – he wasn't an oi skinhead and probably doesn't want his wife or kid getting shit for what he says about groups of people in the scene. Can't blame him really. He has done a lot of good positive things for the scene. I could name you ten skins who dropped dodgy politics after reading *'Spirit of 69'* or *'Skinhead Nation'* Anyone who promotes the real scene gets my vote, it's what I'm trying to do. "I'm no nazi, I'm no red, I'm an oi skinhead"

True skins aren't any wing or anarcho, just people who haven't been treated right by society but saying fuck you I'm gonna make something out of myself. I'd say be yourself and prove all the cunts out there who think skins / oi is an easy target they're wrong and on to a loser!

CC – With the general election just gone, did you vote? Why or why not?

R – Didn't vote. Politicians aren't working class. To me Labour and Conservatives are the same. My grandad worked down the pit all his life and was Labour through and through. God knows what he would think if he was alive now!

CC – Tell us about....

a) The last time you had a fight?
b) The last time you puked with drinking?
c) The worst gig you've ever been to?

R – a) Last time I had a fight was with my twin brother. I kicked fuck out of him until he did my face in with a wheel brace. Fuck me, I looked worse than normal. He's into smack and pills. I'm totally anti-drugs that's what the fight was over. He's wrecked our family with that shit. That's why I wrote the song "Drug Pusher". The fight was two years ago. As I said earlier I've got GBH, got to be sensible these days.

b) Chucked up in my ex-girlfriend's car on our second date. Two and a half years ago now but still can't take my beer!

c) Worst gig, probably one of ours ha ha!

CC – Any last words? Any good jokes? And how can people get in touch with *Scum*?

R – Thanx everyone who has supported us, shown interest, encouraged us. Hi to Sheffield punks and skins. Hello to all our mates, bands we've supported, zines, people doing positive things for good old punk rock, skins and punks unite (it can be done) oi oi .

e-mail: streetpunkscum@hotmail.com
website: http://scum.gq.nu

For the Mark Barnsley benefit CD and more info on the campaign to free him, write to Justice For Mark Barnsley, PO Box 381, Huddersfield, HD1 3XX, England

music.

BUG CENTRAL 'Money and Riots' EP
Really good anarcho punk with a strong eighties influence and good sneering vocals. The title track is probably the best thing they've done, and the other three tracks include a cover of *'Bank Job'* by **Intensive Care** and two more of their own, covering religion and TV addiction. Great cover with a photo of a cop car with 'Cops Suck Arse' sprayed on the bonnet! Overall, this is dead good and I also recommend you track down their album *'The Meek Will Inherit Nothing'* because that is bloody fine too. Send £2 plus postage to BBP, Box 81, 82 Colston Street, Bristol, BS1 5BB, England

LUDDGANG 'Collateral / 180699' EP
This is strange bugger. Having never seen them live or heard any **Luddgang** stuff before this I wasn't sure what to expect from five drummers. What you get is a lot of drumming (obviously) with spoken word samples over it. The whole thing reminds me of the introduction to an old anarcho band's album or maybe what **D & V** would be like if they were still around now. The packaging is pure **Crass**, with their own **Crass** style logo and fold out poster which I'm afraid is something I find a bit tiresome and unoriginal although I suppose it is always good to see bands make an effort with covers. The music however is bloody great and not like anything else you'll have heard. Shame they've split up. Write to Luddgang, PO Box 1095, Sheffield, S2 4YR, England. Also ask them about their 'Communiqué No.1' tape which is fucking great too.

POA 'The Fear of War' CD
Fucking great. This lot play pissed off as hell anarcho-punk with a hint of **Doom** or **Policebastard** and even shades of the better bits of **Sepultura** around their *'Chaos AD'* album. Lyrics take on the predictable subjects such as cops, nazis, paedophiles etc, but musically its bloody excellent dancing around the house and shouting a lot type stuff. If you heard their demo tape also called *'The Fear of War'*, this has most of those songs plus a load more and it sounds way more polished. You absolutely must own this album. £6.50 post paid from Blackfish Records, PO Box 15, Ledbury, HR8 1YG, England

DEFIANCE 'Nothing Lasts Forever' LP
The first LP, *'No Future, No Hope'* is one of my favourite albums ever, and the following EP *'No Time'* was a total disappointment, so I didn't know what to expect from this. I guess its about half way between the two, but that still puts it in the 'bloody excellent' category. Short shouty tuneful political punk with a distinctly British early 80s feel, and a random **Motorhead** cover. You really can't go wrong with a formula like that, can you? Get this, but if you haven't got the first album, get that instead. Write to Defiance, 1951 West Burnside, Box 1654, Portland, Oregon 97209, USA

ACADEMY MORTICIANS 'Consumerism is an STD' EP
The reviews sounded good, describing this as tuneful political punk and so on, so I bought it. The lyrics and the message are really good so it's a shame to have to describe the music as being dreadful, but that's what it is. It can't really described as pop-punk, but it shares a similar lightweight feel with too many of those annoying sickly 'aaaaah-aaah' type backing vocals. That alone isn't a problem, but the singer's voice was just so whiny and irritating it really put me off. Scores points for having a strong message and possibly worth a listen if you like your pop-punk, which unfortunately I don't. Write to Crackle Records, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, England

AUS ROTTEN 'Not One Single Fucking Hit' CD
This US anarchopunk mob have released this discography CD which comprises their first album and a load of EPs plus some random cover versions to fill up at the end. Its all good shouty ranting political stuff and you get a shitload of songs for not a lot of money. It comes in an LP sized cover with lyrics, poster and a Mumia Abu Jamal spoken word flexi, which I thought was an interesting addition. The music gets a touch repetitive which is a bit inevitable with such a long CD, but its still worth a look if you like your noisy anarcho stuff. Send £5.75 to Active Distro, BM Active, London WC1N 3XX

RAJOITUS 'Ootsa Valmis Kuolemaan?' tape
Colin who does *Hell and Damnation* zine has started a cheap tape label called Ei Kiitos and this is one of his first releases. It is the entire works (I think) of this Swedish hardcore band. It's really good and is sung in their native language which I always like to see. A full ninety-minute tape is a bit much at one go, but I'd strongly recommend you check this out. Hell, for a mere quid even if you despise it you can always tape over it. Send £1 and an SAE to the address at the end of the *Hell and Damnation* interview.

THE LIVING LEGENDS 'Greatest Hits 1980-99' tape
This is the entire output of Ian Bone's band released as a tape by *BBP* and I have to be honest and tell you straight off that its utter bollocks. Song titles include such horrors as 'The Pope is a Dope' and 'Bitches on Heat' and believe me the music is no better. The singing is split between Bone and a woman, both of whom are awful, and the music is total dross. The whole thing has poor sound quality and its not even very amusing. The one saving grace is the single 'Better Dead than Wed' released to coincide with Fergie's wedding, but on the whole this lot should have stayed in the depths of obscurity where it belongs. It relly is so bad you almost feel embarrassd for them. Write to the otherwise very good BBP tapes, Box 81, 82 Colston Street, Bristol, BS1 5BB, England if you're stupid enough to want this shite.

THE STEAM PIG 'Deep Fried Obedience' CD
Irish punk featuring Boz, better known for *Nosebleed* zine and his top-notch artwork. Musically its short frantic blasts of straight forward punk rock, with shout-along vocals. The lyrics however are a bit unusual, particularly those penned by Boz, but it makes a nice change from the typical predictable sloganeering and really sets this band apart. Worth a listen. £4.50 plus postage from Bald Cactus, PO Box HP171, Leeds, LS6 1XX, England

BLOOD OR WHISKY s/t CD
This rates as one of the best folk albums I've ever heard. No kidding, its that good. This is musically quite traditional, with too-many-cigs-and-spirits type vocals, so think of a modern day **Pogues** and you'll be along the right lines. If you have even the slightest interest in rowdy pissed-up folk music, get this album right now. Try *Bald Cactus* (address above) or write to Rejected Records, 9 Woodlands Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland

DEATH TO DANCE Comp. Tape
This is a ninety minute tape put together by Trev *HAGL* and it contains his choice of nineties Oi and streetpunk, with bands such as **Adolf & the Piss Artists, Bonekrusher, Hudson Falcons** and **Merciless Kop** being among the standout tracks. There's not a bad song on it, although there are a few formulaic ones, and it's one of those compilations that's great for hearing new bands. Send two quid and an SAE to Trev, Rosehill, 20 Front Street, Tanfield Lea, Stanley, Co. Durham, DH9 9LY, England

ANAL BEARD / BUS STATION LOONIES split EP
I've normally got a lot of time for **Bus Station Loonies**, but their side of this is just dreadful. An awful cover of *'H-eyes'* by the **Ruts**, done in a sort of club singer way, and lacklustre one about the perils of gluing over postage stamps so you can re-use them. Nice topic, bland song, and I think this may be the most dull thing they've ever done. **Anal Beard** I'd never heard, and all I knew about them was that *Fracture* had slagged them off for something or other (not necessarily a bad thing). Anyway, it's all a bit strange for me, although I had to laugh at the song *'I, Sexually Weird'*. Musically a bit daft for my tastes, but better than the **Loonies'** side. Send a couple of stamps to Ruptured Ambitions, Old Forge Cottage, Rushford, Lamerton, Tavistock, Devon, PL19, 8RY, England and ask for a catalogue.

IOD 'Mundane Existence' CD
GGRRAAAAAAGH!!! Noisy grindy bastard hardcore from somewhere in the Midlands. Musically tight and well produced, but at ten songs in eighteen minutes it seemed a bit short, and I was left thinking that another ten would have made it a load better. Anyway, not exactly my cup of tea but the kind of thing I'd bang on when I'm in the right mood, and I liked them live at last year's *Punks Picnic*. Not bad, but not brilliant either. Write to Iron Man, 78 Alcester Road, Birmingham, England

GREENLAND WHALEFISHERIES 'The Mainstreet Sword' CD
I could try to review this without mentioning the **Pogues**, but it would be almost impossible. What we have here is a Norwegian seven-piece playing so close to the aforementioned Irish geniuses that its like finding a lost **Pogues** album from about 1985 when they were at their best. I really cannot convey just how close this is, even the singers voice is 100% McGowan. In fact I saw them at the *1 in 12* and he even talked between songs in the same slurred voice and had all the Shane McGowan poses. So basically they are a **Pogues** tribute band who happen to write most of their own songs. Now I'd normally slag such things to fuck, but because the **Pogues** in their heyday are among the most gifted musicians of all time, and now they're a load of shite, I thoroughly enjoyed this coz it was so much like hearing a good new album. Alright, they are a bit tacky and predictable, but they're brilliant live and this album is fucking ace. Write to Greenland Whalefisheries, Boks 1292, Bergen, Norway.

FAKOFBOLAN 'Jedini Dokaz' tape
This is Croatian streetpunk with a very 80s oi feel to it and a few skanky bits thrown in for good measure. The vocals are all in Croatian, with English translations, and they even do a cover (translated into Croatian) of one of my all time favourite tunes, **Cocksparrer's** *'England Belongs To Me'*. This really is fuckin' great. I'm not 100% sure about currency, but I suspect 4 or 5 US dollars should be about right, so send that to Igor Saponja, R. Rohegera 54, 52100 Pula, Croatia

SCUM demo tape
Lace up your 21-holers and strap on your braces coz this is fucking oi-tastic. This lot hail from Huddersfield and play oi / streetpunk with a classic 80s sound. Five songs including a cover of the **4-Skins** *'ACAB'*, and with titles like *'Drug Pusher'* and *'Unemployed'* you can guess the sort of subject matter. Alright, it isn't exactly breathtakingly original and they'd benefit from better recording, but I like this and I look forward to hearing more from them. Don't know how much, but I guess a quid and an SAE ought to be enough, to Ross, 56 Pennistone Road, Kirkburton, Huddersfield, HD8 0PE, England.

FASTARD demo tape
The noisy Scots formerly known as **Bastard Son Of Fud** return with more songs to torment your neighbours with. The obvious comparison for me would be to early **Napalm Death** coz its basically grindcore. I can't imagine me playing this very often, but I reckon they could be good live and I can take this sort of stuff if I'm in the right frame of mind. Worth getting if you like brutal grunting sounds but don't expect any singalong choruses. Write to Puggy, Pinewood Cottage, Torries, Oyne, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire, AB51 5HZ, Scotland

Feel free to send stuff for review, but don't expect me to say its good just because you sent it for nowt. If it's a load of shite, I'll say so. I don't mind if you send me racist, sexist, homophobic right-wing crap because I'll have a good laugh smashing it to bits and then maybe send you a box of dogshit or something in return.

FUCK OFF OLD MAN!

Penny Rimbaud, geriatric ex-**Crass** drummer and pretentious author recently issued a request to the punk community to donate money to them so they could buy their commune. The lease is up soon, or something like that, and Rimbaud doesn't want to move so he is claiming we should all help preserve this piece of punk rock history. LIKE SHITE WE SHOULD! Basically this arrogant old bastard wants us lot to pay for his house just because him and his fellow residents used to be in a band! Cheeky cunt. What about when the 121 centre got evicted? That was more a piece of punk rock history than some rural hippy commune, and I don't remember Rimbaud offering them any money, the hypocrite. Normal people get kicked out of their houses every day and I've got a lot more sympathy for them than I have for this lot, so I suggest if they are going to get evicted, they should get their names down on their local council waiting list. Or if they really want to buy their commune, why don't they swallow their pride and do a tacky sell-out **Crass** reunion tour because that would be a sure-fire way of getting money out of gullible punks.

I just heard that they got the money for the house. For crying out loud, are punks just a soft touch or something? Of course if you feel like donating any money to me.....

What's been on the Cargo Cult stereo recently?
RUNNIN' RIOT / OMEGA TRIBE / TILT / THE OPPRESSED / OI POLLOI / SLIME / SUBMISSION HOLD / SEPULTURA / ZOUNDS / BLITZ / NAKED AGGRESSION / THE BUSINESS / POA / CRESS / THE WHISKY PRIESTS / CONFLICT / TERMINUS / THE BLAGGERS / JOE FAGIN / BAD MANNERS / DISORDER / ICONS OF FILTH / ANGELIC UPSTARTS / BLYTH POWER / COCKSPARRER / BUG CENTRAL / LEATHERFACE / CONTEMPT / DEFIANCE / THE MOB / ANTHRAX / 1926 COMMITTEE / HUDSON FALCONS / SHORT 'N' CURLIES / LUDDGANG / HOMEBREW / ANTI-HEROES / LOADS OF OLD OI! COMPILATIONS / RADIO 5 / COCKNEY REJECTS / METALLICA / KING OF THE SLUMS / LIBERTY / AUS ROTTEN / THE STEAM PIG / THE PARTISANS / BLOOD OR WHISKEY / DROPKICK MURPHYS
As if you give even the slightest flying shit.

STUFF THAT I HATE

Dogs when they are being repellent. Specifically when you are watching a film and they sit in the corner of the room licking their bits really loudly with that hideous slurping noise. And worst of all, when your dog eats shit out of the cat's litter, partially digests it and regurgitates it in the form of foul smelling brown paste on your living room carpet just as you are leaving for work. Cheers Jess, I really appreciated that.

Records that don't specify which side is which on the label in the middle and / or don't tell you the speed. I know its easy enough to work it out (well, unless its some third rate Dis-core band where it sounds shite at either speed) but it takes no effort to write it on the label for fucks sake.

Zine reviews, particularly in American zines where they tell you whether a zine is printed or photocopied. As if it fucking matters! If the content is good, its not a rip-off price and at least some effort has gone into making it look good, I couldn't give a fuck if it was written in biro on the back of a bus ticket. Of course the implication is that printing is more 'professional' and somehow means it's a better zine. Fuck that, who gives a toss?

Lists in zines of what the writer's favourite bands are at the moment. As if you give even the slightest flying shit.

Bastard kids on crappy 50cc motorbikes or fucking quads tearing through the woods near my house when I'm trying to enjoy a quiet walk with the dogs then giving me a mouthful coz I won't get out of their way. Why the fuck should I move? It's a footpath you cunts, so its meant for things with feet (ie. me, the dogs and a pleasant assortment of woodland fauna). Things with wheels and engines go on roads, get it?

Those fucking adverts about benefit fraud on TV that suggest everyone working on the side is a total cunt who rips off their mates. There's no such thing as ripping off the benefits system, because it's our taxes paying for it in the first place. The fucking government would only go and waste it on Trident submarines or more cops if decent dole scrounging citizens didn't claim what was theirs. And you may as well grab as much as you can before the cunts axe the whole welfare system and send us all to the workhouses. Now I'm working, I'm happy to think my taxes go to helping people on the dole live a life of ease, and I think any scab bastard who grasses people up for working on the side deserves a severe hiding and public humiliation.

The media-generated notion of 'race riots'. We have seen Harehills go off recently, which was portrayed as a 'race riot' when it was very clearly a revenge attack on the pigs for beating shit out of someone. There's also been the Bradford situation which was started by the pigs with their disgracefully heavy-handed policing of the anti-NF mobilization. Neither began as 'race riots' but since the gutless press scum parrot any shite the cops tell them, and they are hardly going to say that it was all started by them, they were deemed to be wholly racial in motivation. Fucking sickening lies.

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Don't get me wrong, this is not solely directed at H.I.T.S. In fact it was only a matter of time before some of those no-hit-wonders reformed to exploit the media driven hype of 'new punk'. To be honest the farce of the Milton Keynes bash last October was a damned sight more hypocritical with even the staunchest of the old anarcho bands swallowing their principles and getting back together for a 'on-off gig' (let's hope it was too!) when they realised there was money to be made. From what I've heard the beer there was extortionate and the security were heavy-handed racist scum – not in keeping with the DIY ethics espoused by the majority of the bands that played eh? Ironically, **Conflict** have refused to play *H.I.T.S* (though they did play the Milton Keynes do) yet with their record of swindling benefits and ripping off other bands, you'd think they'd feel right at home! One of the justifications I've heard for these cash orientated festivals is that they strengthen communication within the punk scene. What a load of bollocks! I fail to understand how paying £65 has anything to do with such a thing, after all there's a large network of zines, distros, picnics etc with which people can contact each other for a mere fraction of the cost – it's quite plain to see that these events are just an opportunity for bands to act like rock-stars and promoters to get rich and if they claim otherwise then quite frankly they're talking a load of bullshit.

So why not forget about the greedy business men that are hijacking the punk scene for their own ends and investigate the DIY Punx Picnics where you can see loads of great bands (I'm not going to name names – discover them for yourself!), meet loads of people and get drunk and still have change to go to the chip shop! If you really can't resist all that'77 nonsense then just invest in a 'Greatest Hits of Punk' CD (or whatever it's called this week) and pogo round your living room to it. You're guaranteed to have a much better (or at least cheaper!) time than venturing near Morcambe! As for *H.I.T.S* and others of that ilk, fuck 'em all!

Rant by Rachel Cat-On-A-String

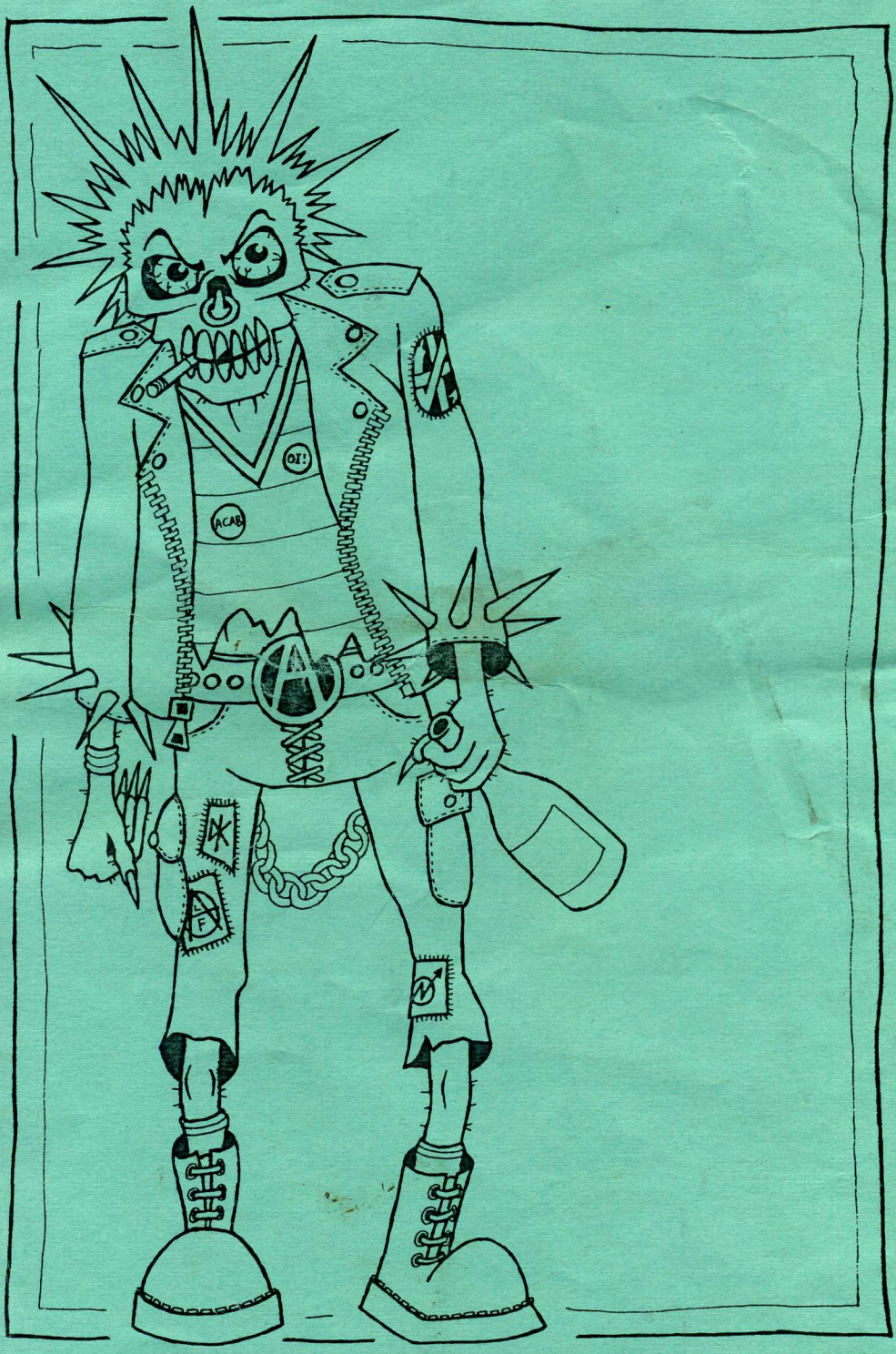
I totally agree with the above. Even though there are a lot of my favourite bands playing, I still wouldn't touch the *H.I.T.S* travesty with a shitty pole. I'd love to have seen the likes of **Sham**, **The Rejects**, **Cocksparrer**, **The Upstarts** and so on in their time, but I don't want to see a bunch of balding blokes who probably look like darts players now making a half-hearted attempt to re-live their youth. And £65?!? How gullible are some people?

CRAP COMPETITION

CRAP COMPETITION

I know it's not the clearest photo, but you'd probably never guess anyway so here's a clue.... This very early picture of a well known punk rock band is taken from a compilation called *'On The Streets'* put out by Sane Records in 1984. First person to guess it correctly wins something.

Well, that's another issue gone. Hope you enjoyed it (but I don't care if you didn't coz I got your 50p anyway). See you round, Chip.


OI!
ACAB